

# MAYFAIR

40p

Vol. 9 No. 7

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OUR BAREST  
BEACH GIRLS

THE STRIP ALONG  
THE SHORE

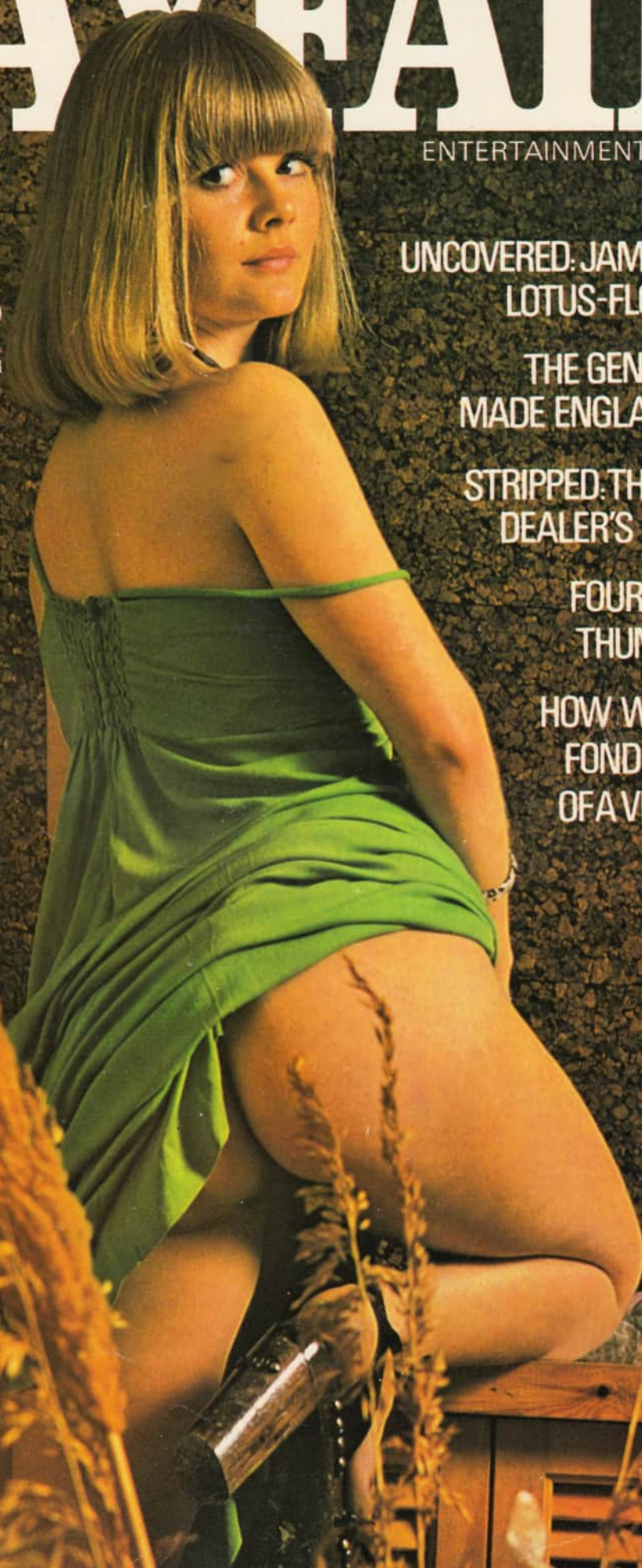
UNCOVERED: JAMES BOND'S  
LOTUS-FLOWER GIRL

THE GENERAL WHO  
MADE ENGLAND ENLIST

STRIPPED: THE ANTIQUE  
DEALER'S DAUGHTER

FOUR-WHEELED  
THUNDERBOLTS

HOW WE MADE IT:  
FOND MEMORIES  
OF A VIRGIN PAST





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By the way, you don't have to have this matt black top (it's just that we rather like it), we'll be only too happy to supply it in chrome.

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# MAYFAIR

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**King**

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Veronica unveiled, page 51. Anything but a drag, page 44

## CONTENTS

### SPECIAL FEATURES

|                                   |                                    |                       | page |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------|-----------------------|------|
| <b>Kitchener:</b>                 | Supreme soldier, supreme ego       | <i>Gerald Rawling</i> | 16   |
| <b>Snaring the Bird Who Will:</b> | Such a stuff as dreams are made on | <i>John Hall</i>      | 38   |
| <b>Four-wheeled Thunderbolts:</b> | The draw of the dragster           | <i>John Dickson</i>   | 44   |
| <b>Eternal Oracles:</b>           | Erotic poems pictured              | <i>Ronald Cobb</i>    | 81   |
| <b>Carrie:</b>                    | Balled on the beach                | <i>Don Lawrence</i>   | 110  |

### GIRLS

|                         |                                     |                      |    |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------------|----------------------|----|
| <b>Rannveig:</b>        | Fair maiden from the fjords         |                      | 28 |
| <b>Yasuko:</b>          | The bird from 'You Only Live Twice' | <i>Michael Legge</i> | 40 |
| <b>Veronica:</b>        | Dolly with a high polish            | <i>Clive McLean</i>  | 51 |
| <b>Christine:</b>       | Tantalising Taurean                 | <i>Jim Bunker</i>    | 69 |
| <b>Inga and Olivia:</b> | Sea for two                         |                      | 83 |

### HUMOUR

|                                    |                                       |                       |    |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|-----------------------|----|
| <b>On the Rampackage:</b>          | A holiday tour de sauce               | <i>Peter Maddocks</i> | 19 |
| <b>Gentlemen, That Reminds Me:</b> | Our round-up of round-the-table tales |                       | 62 |
| <b>To Bare or Not to Bare:</b>     | Is braless halfway to brazen?         | <i>Mike George</i>    | 76 |

### INFORMERS

|                        |                               |                            |    |
|------------------------|-------------------------------|----------------------------|----|
| <b>Second Opinion:</b> | Mayfair's medical consultancy | <i>Dr. Charles Vintner</i> | 22 |
| <b>Quest:</b>          | Sex with a mother's lover     |                            | 91 |

### FICTION

|                                |                                      |                          |    |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------------|--------------------------|----|
| <b>The Kilt is My Delight:</b> | A temporary hitch becomes a blessing | <i>Peter Glendinning</i> | 12 |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------------|--------------------------|----|

### READER SERVICES

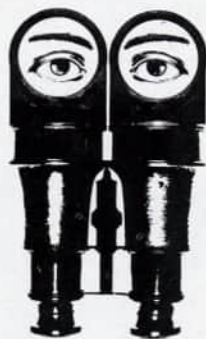
|                                     |                              |                          |                             |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| <b>Letters/page 7</b>               | <b>Back numbers/page 95</b>  | <b>Book Club/page 88</b> | <b>Record Offer/page 65</b> |
| <b>Subscription details/page 99</b> | <b>Film Society/page 102</b> |                          |                             |

|                |                                 |                             |                            |                                |    |
|----------------|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|----------------------------|--------------------------------|----|
| <b>CRITICS</b> | <b>Books: Arthur Pottersman</b> | <b>Films: David Quinlan</b> | <b>Discs: Peter Hopkin</b> | <b>Nightlife: Kenneth Dowd</b> | 24 |
|----------------|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|----------------------------|--------------------------------|----|

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# SCENE



Mayfair Magazine,  
95A Chancery Lane,  
London WC2A 1DZ

Have you noticed the change that's come over us? No, it's not the onset of priapic fever after long contact with hordes of luscious females. Nor are we downhearted by that cold inflationary spiral that threatens to strangle all of us. Take another look at this issue's pages, run your fingers up and down the cover. Feel the difference? *Mayfair* is brighter, glossier and more colourful than it's ever been before. This is our second issue printed on web offset, one of today's fastest and most efficient printing processes. Overnight we've leapt from a humble 4,500

pages printed an hour to well over 25,000. It more than copes with our current print order of over half a million copies, and leaves plenty of room for ever increasing sales. We've always aimed for a brighter, glossier, even better magazine. This is another step along that road.

One quality that all *Mayfair* photographers need is a sense of determination. No exception to this rule is Roy Brewington, who captured the delicious Rannveig Laing on pages 28-33 of this issue. Rannveig was newly-arrived from Norway and working as a disc-jockey in a London discotheque when she was first glimpsed by Roy. 'She had this marvellous air of sensual innocence,' he recalls, 'and seemed a natural for a photographic session.' Rannveig however was not sure of the idea and it took some patient determination on Roy's part before she finally agreed to let him take some test shots. 'Rannveig arrived at my place in the country wearing a little green-and-white dress which showed off her figure and long fair hair so well that I thought it would look good in the pictures I was taking,' says Roy. 'The test session turned out fine,' he continues, 'so I agreed with Rannveig that we would do a full session. Unfortunately, I was booked for an assignment

abroad, so things had to wait until I had returned. When I saw Rannveig again, I hardly recognised her. She was sporting a new hairstyle and was much more sophisticated. It's amazing what a couple of months in London will do to a girl!' From Roy's two sessions, came Rannveig 'before' and 'after'. It's as good as getting two girls for the price of one.

On page 83 our strippers along the strand, Olivia Paddon and Inga Britt, wax eloquent on the career-enhancing qualities of a *Mayfair* appearance. Another lovely lady - one of *Mayfair's* most successful centregirls ever - can make similar claims. She's lively and petite Penny Irving, whose Scottish bounce and astonishing nipples made 1972's special Christmas issue very merry indeed. Penny is currently making her first film appearance in the sexy chiller 'House of Whipcord' which is now on general release, and earning plaudits from the critics. She plays the leading role of Anne Marie de Vernay, a girl fined for posing nude in public. Her punishment is incarceration in a prison run by sadistic warders. A far cry from balmier days in *Mayfair*. Anyone wishing to remind themselves of Penny's finest points can review them in Vol. 7 No. 12 - part of our

special back numbers offer on page 95. Meanwhile we wish Miss Irving every future success.

At a recent press party to celebrate the opening of the *Bistro Dateline* restaurant in London's Victoria, we ran into John Cleese, one of BBC TV's *Monty Python's Flying Circus* team. While chatting we discovered that he is a regular *Mayfair* reader - a fact that made us determined to garner a sample of John's wit for the pages of the magazine. He was quick to oblige, and told us the sad, but humorous, tale of the unfortunate gangrene-smitten aviator which is to be found in this month's After Dinner Stories.

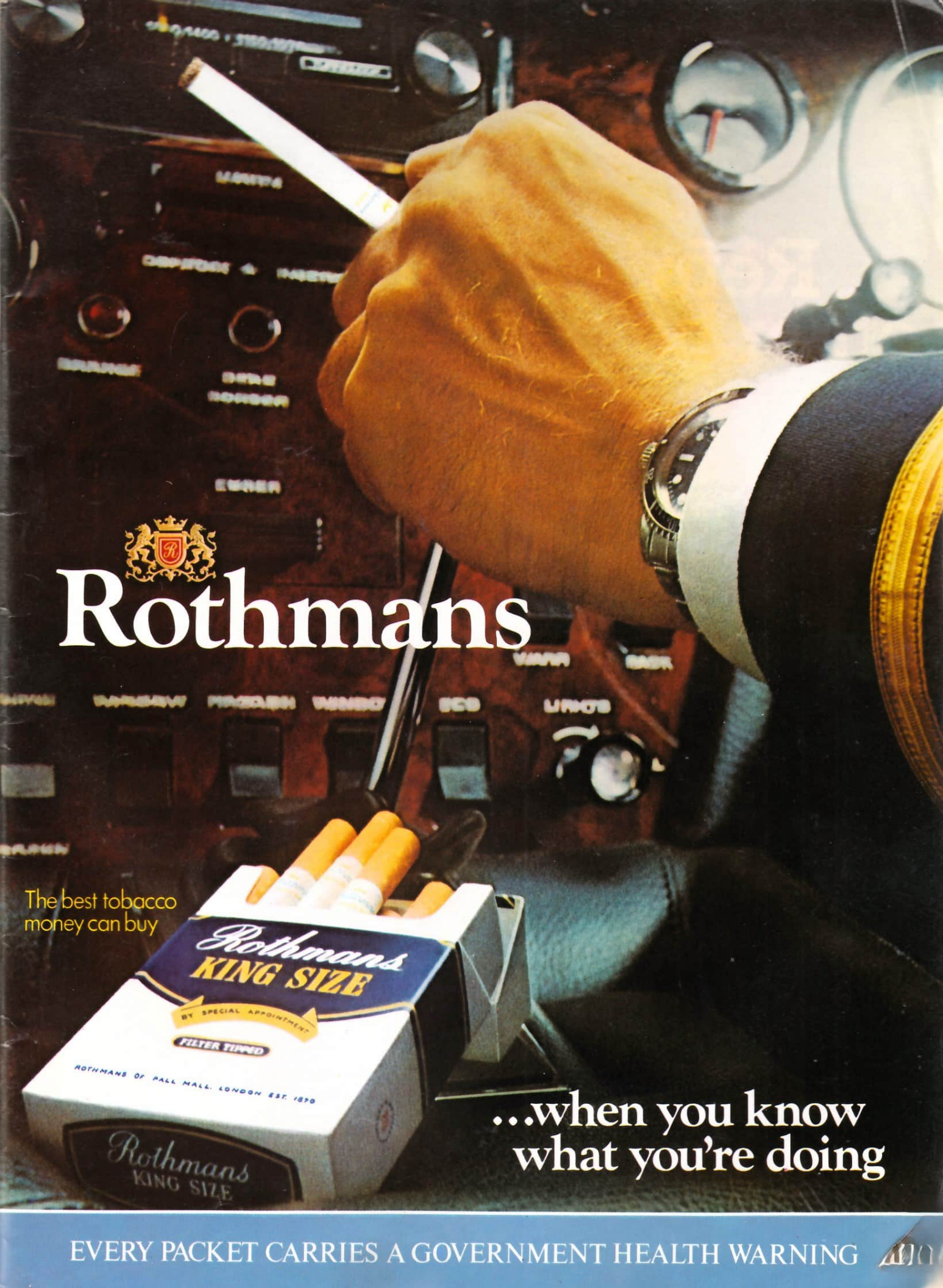
Rod Argent, leader of the *Argent* pop-group recently featured in *Mayfair's* stereo and hi-fi survey, told us the magazine is to be found in many group vans, helping to while away the long hours of travelling between engagements. It's nice to know top entertainers think we're the tops too.

It seems only a quirk of our technological past that the internal combustion and not the steam engine powers the majority of vehicles on our crowded roads. So journalist Bernard Dumbleton believes, and next month we acknowledge today's renewal of interest in pollution-free and cheaper means of transport by publishing an historical review by him of the steam car. We were all the more interested, then, when news of an unusual competition dropped through our letter box. Sponsored by the Leeds and District Traction Engine Club, it invites competitors to design, build and drive their own steam-powered vehicle around a designated course. The competition takes place at the club's annual rally in the grounds of the Earl of Harewood's home between Leeds and Harrogate later this year. Entry forms, which have to be returned by July 30, can be obtained from the club's office at 17 Rutland Close, Woodlesford, Leeds LS26 8LL. Since the first three prizes are £100, £50, £25 respectively, and competitors must agree to arrange personal insurance cover of £100,000, it seems designed specifically for dyed-in-the-wool enthusiasts. We await news of a new steam power breakthrough.



Former centregirl Penny Irving gets her first crack of the whip in films with 'House of Whipcord.'





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other beers cannot reach.**





# LETTERS



*This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Only those letters bearing the name and full address of the writer can be used but all requests for anonymity will be upheld and name and addresses reduced to initials and town on request. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.*

A library of *Mayfair* magazines exists in Block 2 of Rutherford Hall where all 12 of the residents are avid readers. On close examination many of the photographs appear to have been 'over-touched'. An outstanding example appears in Vol. 8 No. 12, page 30, where in a review photograph of Paula Darrington an artificial, local blemish appears in the pubic region.

Similar examples occur in Vol. 8 No. 5, page 56 and in Vol. 9 No. 3 on photographs of Penny Priestley.

Why is it that in 'Playgirl' magazine the whole of the male organ can be shown, whereas in *Mayfair* the same cannot be said of the female organs? Could you explain whether this is a decision of the model, an editorial decision, or the law?

*The members of Block 2, Rutherford, Loughborough*

*We try to be as acceptable to as many people as possible. Obviously we can't please everyone, including the magistrates at Bath, but they would probably have been even more shattered if we followed the Block 2 thinking.*

Congratulations on yet another photographic (and photogenic) triumph in Vol. 9 No. 5. I realise that the

argument as to which of your girls is the most beautiful and seductive is one which could keep readers going for the rest of their lives, but surely there must be many who were enchanted, as I was, with the prettily-pouting, passionately-petulant face of Viola. Not to mention all the other features of what you so appropriately call a 'symphony in sensuality'.

I think you ought to keep a record of memorable quotes such as Viola's statement: 'I think I am very beautiful' which must be the classic example of British understatement! The equivalent could well be that of Shakespeare saying: 'I reckon I'm a pretty good writer'!

*R.B., Sliema, Malta*

*You're certainly not guilty of understating the case yourself but thank you for your complimentary remarks.*

In your letters and features referring to intercourse, a woman is sometimes described



as 'fucking', and sometimes 'being fucked'. I wonder which expression is right.

There is no doubt about a similar term. A screwdriver screws; a cork, a bottle and a woman are being screwed. As to fucking there may be circumstances, now happily rare, when a woman can be said to be fucked - that is,

when she just opens her legs and leaves the rest to the man. But today most girls perform a passionate belly dance in bed with a man, and many can contract and open their vaginas, thus adding hugely to the mutual delight. In other words: they are fucking.

Nobody would ever say a man is being fucked. Are those who say so of a woman subconsciously harking back to the bad old times when it was not realised - or not acknowledged - that the girl could have her fun as well, and when in genteel society it was pretended that she made love only to satisfy the beast in man? It would be interesting to know what the linguists say. (Name and address withheld)

*Our favourite word, in fact, comes from Chaucer: to swyve. Unfortunately it now appears obsolete.*

I much enjoy your letters section but a friend of mine  
*turn to page 8*



*'Here they are, Mr Sweeting - and not a moment too soon!'*



# LETTERS

continued from page 7

says that all the letters that appear are made up. We have a £5 bet on this so I am writing to you to see if you do publish genuine letters.

Up to six months ago I was a door-to-door salesman for a brush company and on this occasion I had dutifully tapped on the door of a new address I had been given by my supervisor (on reflection here I wonder if the randy sod knew beforehand what I was getting

into). A very chic, mini-skirted lady of about 35 answered the door. She left me standing in the doorway and went and sat at the bottom of the stairs that faced the doorway. She was showing a fair expanse of leg. 'What's in the suitcase?' she murmured as I finished my sales talk, 'anything else interesting?' I pushed my way inside and closed the door behind me, in order to show her the contents. I started showing her the contents of the case, thinking I was sure of a sale here. 'This is rather nice,' she said,

picking up a long-handled bathroom brush and running her fingers up and down the handle. She rose to her feet and stumbled against the open case. As she did so her hand accidentally (?) clutched at my fly front and she was in my arms. Instinctively I held on to her and the response was automatic. I'd forgotten about the damned brushes, particularly when her hand again dropped to my crotch and with practice borne of experience, I'd say, she had undone my waistband and zipped down my pants. I know it sounds

daft, but there I stood, with my penis jutting out from under my shirt, like some kind of dream. She took me in her hand and my blood started to pound when she sank to her knees and took me in her mouth. I thought I was going crazy. It was all I could do to maintain my balance with her down on me like that but just before I felt I had to come she leaned back and pulled me downwards. I dropped on to the floor and feverishly tore off her briefs and pushed her skirt well up over her waist. Seconds later I was inside her and her legs were wrapped around me hard. We tossed and turned on the hard floor, she was moaning and tearing at my back under my shirt. I think she had at least two orgasms before I finally came and when I did she went completely berserk for a few seconds before I stopped exhausted.

Well, I didn't sell her any brushes but I did try to - quite a few times during the next few months, in fact. She always took the initiative and we made love on the same floor, on the stairs, on the bed, under the shower, (yes, wet but very stimulating) and even across the kitchen table.

She eventually left the district and although she gave me her new address I have never followed it up, not yet anyway. I have left the brush company in any case but even if you don't publish this letter and I lose the bet, I shan't forget 'Brush Nylon' - that was my pet name for her - in a hurry. It's been worth £5 recalling the experience.

J.M., Staffs.

I have written to you before on the subject of getting you to print pictures of mature women in your pages.

I am in my fifties and you kindly printed my letter about my seduction and subsequent eight year love affair with a young man who is now 24. On that occasion I suggested some pictures of mature ladies because (a) it would ease a few inferiority complexes and (b) it would appeal to men such as my young lover who appears to like me the way I am - a few bulges and creases here and there.

I am writing again now, having just seen Roberta in Vol. 9 No. 5. Looking at her superb

turn to page 10



'Physician heal thyself.'



# Carlton

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# LETTERS

continued from page 8

bust I could swear that my breasts, which are about the same dimensions although I'm a 43DD, do not sag any more than young Roberta's. Naturally, I have a bit more width in other spots and a few more lines and creases but if your readers don't find anything off-putting about Roberta then they certainly might enjoy an attractive woman of say 40 years plus.

Unfortunately this is not an offer on my part, because my husband would have a fit if he knew anything of my 'out of school' activities. But I have tried modelling for my young man and the thought of my nude body being seen by thousands of young men excites me very much sexually, as I am sure it would many other women in my position. Incidentally, getting out of the bath this morning I posed before the mirror as Roberta is posing on page 67 and my breasts look exactly the same. Now that you've taken what you call the 'myth' out of the older woman seriously in Quest perhaps you'll see that we don't stop being sexy once we are past the age of 39.

Mrs M.B., Berks.

Show us, Mrs M.B., show us.

As students we would like to register our negative reaction toward 'the girl who grew and grew' - Miss Roberta Baird and her 41DD bosom (Vol. 9 No. 5). Certainly your models are of a high standard in appearance but they are never too gross in breast size. Roberta, however, is just too much to bear in this respect. Some American magazines seem to indicate the popularity of large or over-large bosoms being popular over there, but here in Britain we feel this is generally not so. We write in hope that girls such as Roberta will be the limit as far as bust size goes in your excellent magazine.

The student body, 'A' Block, Hawthorns, Keele University, Staffs.

My undying thanks to you for your photos of Roberta Baird. At last in the great sexual Quest of my life I have found the first real sign of hope. My

faith in Mother Nature's ability to create a female of my own particular species of humanity has been fully restored. It isn't simply that I'm turned on by big, pendulous bosoms. Ena Sharples, for instance, doesn't thrill me at all. The point is that Miss Baird seems to have all the subsidiary anatomical and physiological characteristics that are so necessary in my synthesis of my personal Ideal Woman.

Here, surely, is a rare and exquisite blend of ingredients. The firm, vigorous and joyful physique of a gymnast. The youthful, healthy complexion of a sixth-former. The strong, shapely legs of a chorus-girl. The broad, child-bearing hips of a Renoir model. The great walloping udders of a Bitch Goddess. And the professional deportment of a mannequin. She is provocative as well as beautiful and she knows it. The total effect is quite unique. If ever a magazine deserved credit for practically saving me from artistic and emotional suicide, it is *Mayfair*. God bless you.

Now I am crossing my fingers, counting my beads and watching my seaweed in the agonising hope of more such pictures. And if the *Mayfair* film society



should ever decide to record her on 8mm celluloid then I think I should surely die of pure happiness.

Richard Tomalin, Ware

There have been several interesting letters from lady readers recently on the subject of the enjoyment of, and the coping with, a large penis. I am in the 'big penis league' as Mrs S. M. of Alloa puts it. Mine is seven inches long and five in circumference when erect and until two years ago I found this detrimental to a good heterosexual relationship.

I am 31 now. I was married at 22 to a girl who came from a

'chapel' family. She was a Sunday-school teacher and would permit nothing more than petting prior to our marriage. It was a fiasco from the start - the reason was my big cock. She was shocked by the size of it, and we were never able to consummate the marriage. It began to go wrong between us and after two years we parted and I eventually divorced her. I began associating with other girls. Like my wife one of them tightened up and I could not get in. Two refused intercourse saying I was 'too big'. Another girl let me have her once and later said she had been 'sore' for days afterwards and wanted nothing more to do with me. Then, two years ago, I had to go into hospital to have my appendix out. One nurse there was a real dark-haired, creamy-skinned, full-breasted beauty. As I began to get well so I began to get horny and this happened one day as she was attending to my 'tubing'. My pyjama trousers were open so that she could attend to me, but they did not hide the 'tenting' effect of my erection. I was very embarrassed but she smiled and complimented me on the size of it and suggested that I had a great time with the girls. Softly I told her that it was quite the contrary. She really thought I was pulling her leg!

During my stay Sally and I became quite friendly and I was able to assure her that I was quite sincere when I said girls gave me a bad time. She told me that when I was discharged we would have to get together and she would make up for it. I didn't really believe her, but the evening before I left the hospital I asked her for a date. She said I would have to have at least a week to 'get my strength' back and so we made a date for the following week. I did not really expect her to turn up, but she did, and I was horny as soon as I set eyes on her for she was wearing a low-cut dress that really showed off her lovely bosom. We had a drink together and then I took her to dinner. All during the meal I could not take my eyes from her bosom. After a while she softly asked me: 'Do you like girls with big boobs?' I told her that I thought hers were fantastic and asked if she liked big cocks. 'I've never seen one as big as yours but I'm all wet just thinking about it. You

turn to page 106





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# THE KILT IS MY DELIGHT

Fiction by Peter Glendinning

The kilted young Scot only wanted a ride over the next hill. But the lively Southern belles he met decided their ride would last much longer than that

"Throw your rucksack on the back seat. Room for three of us in front. Squeeze in between my sister and me." He smiled solemn thanks to the lady at the wheel, she with the peaked cap and firm thin face. With an almost feminine gesture he gathered pleats of his kilt and folded them under. "Genuine Scot, in national dress. The first we've seen." He smiled, more relaxed now, at the

dark little woman who had called him out of the sunlit, windy road into this box of glass and metal. Though about 30, she did not quite belong to the undead generation. The other seemed more remote. Not the talkative type. He opened his mouth to speak, but words refused themselves. They'll see me as a big Scottish gawk, he told himself furiously. They were good enough  
*turn to page 13*

MODEL MADE AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY JON MILTON





*St. Moritz*  
has a ring of luxury  
about it

longer, richer, cooler



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## The kilt is my delight

*continued from page 12*

to offer me a lift. Give them some words in return for their mileage.

'What's your home town?' he asked at last. 'Birmingham.'

'Never before heard English Midlanders with liquid lovely voices like yours.' He said it and blushed.

The dark lass chuckled. 'Myrtle, you've collected a real specimen. Not a minute in the car, and he tries verbal seduction.'

Myrtle kept eyes on the narrow road.

'Don't embarrass the boy, Rosemary. Birmingham, Alabama.'

'South, isn't it? Sorry to be stupid about American geography; our schools don't go much for it.'

'South,' answered Myrtle. Her rich, sensuous voice did not co-ordinate with those thin, firm lips.

Rosemary and Myrtle. His mind, like a computer working on insufficient information, traced outlines of their lives. Sappy parents who gave them flower names must have been disconcerted to see how hardy and alone Myrtle grew. Rosemary for remembrance surely had complexities under her smooth contours...

Tentacles. Five of them. Under his kilt. Rosemary's right hand. Of course, they were tight together, despite the roomy car. That hand must have been sprawled out when he sat down.

'Sorry,' he said, rising and separating himself, blushing again.

'No sorrow do I see in this June day,' said Rosemary, as she flung her arm over the top of the seat, resting hand on his shoulder. 'Sister, are you afflicted by sorrow?'

'No, You're in a one-man minority. What's the name of that grey-headed mountain on the left? Also, your name?'

'That's Beinn Alligan. I'm Ian MacDonald. It's one of the Torridon mountains. Base red sandstone, peaks are quartzite. Unusual, maybe unique. I mean having quartzite on top of sandstone.'

'Ian,' said Rosemary, 'is a rockhound. He'll help us find aquamarines and jaspers and agates and cairn - what's it?'

'Cairngorms.'

'Cairngorms and suchlike rainbow pebbles that we'll polish and keep for souvenirs of Scotland. Ian will talk about metamorphic and igneous rocks, never saying a word about himself.'

'Rosemary! Ian is in our car, a guest as if he were in our home. He does and says as he may please.'

He grinned, beginning to enjoy the sisterly sparring.

'I'm only 17, the rocks are millions and millions of years old. More history in them. Honestly, I'm not a geologist. My grandfather was. A little of his knowledge rubbed off on me.'

'What do you study? What lives in your mind?' Myrtle eased the car round a sharp bend that brought them within sight of the Sea of the Hebrides.

'People. And I hope to study medicine.'

'People. Tell me why we pass so many houses with no roofs.'

He grimaced. 'A long story again, and I

haven't much time. I'll be hopping off at the foot of this hill. Goes back to 1745. The Jacobite rebellion, We backed the loser, Bonnie Prince Charlie. The English under Butcher Cumberland won the last battle at Culloden. We still bleed from the wounds. Right this is it! I'm going over that moor-path.'

He reached back to grasp his rucksack.

'It's been nice,' he said. 'Nice to have wheels, and your company. I honour you; most Americans who visit England never get out of London, but here are you driving through outlandish Scottish Highlands, all on your ownsome lonesome. You're brave. Honestly, I honour you.'

'A beautifully formal speech of thanks. All for a lift of a few miles.' Rosemary made no move to let him out.

'What do you do now?' asked Myrtle. As if by chance her hand reached back and clasped his wrist. It could have been a farewell gesture, in lieu of a handshake. But her grip remained firm.

'This is as far as I go. Money's running out. Must keep enough for the fare home. Grandpa always said no Scotsman should stand at the roadside and beg help from strangers, though I could take a lift if it were offered. Now thanks a lot.'

'You have time,' said the resonant voice of Myrtle, 'but a shortage of money?'

'Yes.'

'Listen to me. Until we met you, sister and I were skidding over the landscape. No real contact. You could bring Scotland to life for us. So you settle there in that seat and hear me out. Come with us. We'll pay the

hotel bills. Where we go will be your choice. Do you think you can suffer our presence for a week? Is it too much to ask?'

'What does your sister Rosemary say?'

Myrtle shook her head. 'Ian, as you grow up, you'll listen less to what people say, look more at what they do. Before you get out, Rosemary must make some move. You see her even wiggling her toes? She's telling you, not with her tongue, but with all of herself.'

'You honestly want me, both of you?'

'Do you wish it to be a sworn statement, before a notary public?'

'It just seems crazy. You know nothing about me.'

'We've learned a vast amount about you in the last 10 minutes. Back two generations. Yes or no?'

'To be another June week in the Highlands would be heaven.'

Myrtle put in the clutch. 'I shall remember the day when a dour Scotsman implied that two American women were angels, complete with celestial chariot.'

First smile. Myrtle tossed her peaked hat into the back seat. Flaxen hair tumbled down. She became 10 years younger, twice as vivid. They went singing down to the fiord which the Scots call a sea-loch.

'There's an hotel two miles ahead,' said Ian, taking his job as courier seriously. 'Good food. Roe deer walk around the lawn of a morning. And the roof doesn't leak. What more can one ask?'

After dinner he enquired from them. 'Why are you here? Isn't America vast and

*turn to page 78*







**"MY COUNTRY NEEDS**

**ME"**

ALFRED  
LEE



Some time during the night of May 28, 1916, the German submarine, U75, commanded by Lieutenant Commander Kurt Beitzen, laid mines off the west coast of the Orkneys. It was a routine patrol designed to hamper the movements of the British Fleet out of Scapa Flow shortly before the naval confrontation that we know today as the Battle of Jutland.

Just how much tactical effect this operation had on the ensuing battle is uncertain, but on the strategic level there were profound – if entirely fortuitous – benefits to the German High Command.

Exactly eight days later – six days after the Battle of Jutland – the British cruiser, HMS *Hampshire*, slipped her moorings in Scapa Flow and sailed for Archangel with a party of VIP's on board bound for high level consultations with the Czar of all the Russias about the future prosecution of the war. She was initially accompanied by two destroyers, *Victor* and *Unity*, but after two hours of deteriorating weather in a steadily worsening north-easterly gale, *Hampshire's* commander, Captain H. J. Savill, RN, detached his escort and continued the voyage alone.

Forty minutes later, about a mile and a half off Marwick Head, HMS *Hampshire* struck one of the mines laid by U75. The wound was mortal; she heeled over to starboard with forward compartments badly flooded and went to the bottom, bows first, within a quarter of an hour.

The loss of life was terrible; only a dozen men survived in the tumultuous seas,

floundering their way ashore to a coastline which flung itself up in sheer cliffs from the pounding breakers. They could give no coherent account of what had happened following the explosion.

The news was announced in London about midday on June 6 and a profound sense of shock gripped not only the English people but all the Allies and many of the neutral countries of the world. For the total loss of a cruiser was bad enough, but taking passage in the *Hampshire* had been one of Britain's most important war leaders and he was not numbered among the survivors:



he was Horatio Herbert Kitchener; or in full, Field-Marshal Lord Kitchener, Britain's Secretary of State for War. The loss to the British war effort was severe, for while Kitchener's colleagues in the War Council and the Cabinet were well aware that they could manage the strategic handling of the war perfectly well – or even better – without him, they were acutely conscious that for the ordinary people of Great Britain he was the very embodiment of British Imperial might and the will to win – he was irreplaceable.

Kitchener was very much a self-made man at a time when most positions of high office were reserved for members of the patrician class. His origins, if not exactly as humble, were certainly no more than middle class. His grandfather had been a small farmer in Hampshire and Suffolk before improving the family fortunes by setting up as a London tea merchant. He then moved to Ireland where his youngest grand-son, Horatio Herbert, was born on June 24, 1850 the boy who was destined for high honours, for monumental fame and for a reputation of epic proportions which would span the reign

*turn to page 18*

*Kitchener's career spanned 45 years during which he saw service on three continents and received a plethora of decorations. In the Great War, however, the German paper Avenarius, below, cynically depicted Kitchener 'blessing' French children prior to sending them to fight in front line trenches.*

The stern and commanding features of Field-Marshal Lord Kitchener sent a generation to war. Less well known was his ruthless ambition and egotism. Gerald Rawling examines his extraordinary career





## My country needs ME

continued from page 17

of three monarchs and be associated with battles and military involvements seemingly generations apart.

His childhood was unremarkable. Sensitive and introvert, his education by tutors was less than satisfactory and when later he underwent a more formal type of schooling in Switzerland he found that he had to work extremely hard to catch up. He damaged his health by overwork in gaining entry into the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, but he did manage to come out a nice, modest, middle of the road 28th among the 56 successful candidates. In January 1871 he was commissioned in the Royal Engineers.

In December, 1870, while on leave with his family in Dinan, he showed his reluctance to submit to the routine life of a Sapper subaltern by recklessly going off to take part in the Franco-Prussian War which had been raging since the previous July. He joined an ambulance unit of the Second French Army of the Loire and was involved in heavy fighting around Le Mans. He was fortunate to emerge unscathed and on his return to England had to explain his conduct to a very irate Commander-in-Chief, HRH the Duke of Cambridge, who told the young man that he had violated British neutrality, seriously embarrassed HM Government and was more than likely to lose his commission.

Badly shaken, Kitchener humbly told the Royal Duke that he was unaware at the



*'Ve haf vays of making you sign', might well have been the title of this illustration from a German propaganda sheet. But was Kitchener really such a tyrant?*

time that his commission had been granted and that, as a British resident in France, he had felt himself as free to amuse himself by shooting Prussians as he would have been by shooting partridges. This ingenuous line went down well with the Duke and the interview concluded by HRH seizing Kitchener's hand and saying, 'I am bound to say, boy, that in your place I should have done exactly the same.'

Once commissioned in his chosen regiment, Kitchener continued to show a marked reluctance to become bogged down in

routine duties at places like Chatham and Aldershot and, with the help of an influential friend, he got himself seconded to the Palestine Exploration Fund, an organisation dedicated to cartographical, archeological and scientific research in the Holy Land. The organisation was used as a convenient cover by the War Office for keeping an eye on political developments in the Middle East and, in the circumstances, they were quite happy to release a junior subaltern for this purpose. Kitchener did well in Palestine.

His energy and enthusiasm increased the acreage of survey covered from 76 to 280 square miles a month and when the small party was attacked at Safed by militant anti-Christian Arabs, his conduct was so exemplary that his superior, Lieutenant R. E. Conder, RE, reported: 'I must have inevitably been murdered but for the cool and prompt assistance of Lieutenant Kitchener, who managed to get to me and engaged one of the club-men, covering my retreat.'

More survey work followed, this time in Cyprus, but like many other young subalterns, Kitchener was determined to find himself some active service, seeing that course as the only way of obtaining the promotion, the fame and the glory that he desired so avidly. Almost immediately he got his opportunity – a British military expedition was sent to Egypt to crush a rebellion organised by Colonel Arabi, who had seized power and was endangering the

turn to page 34



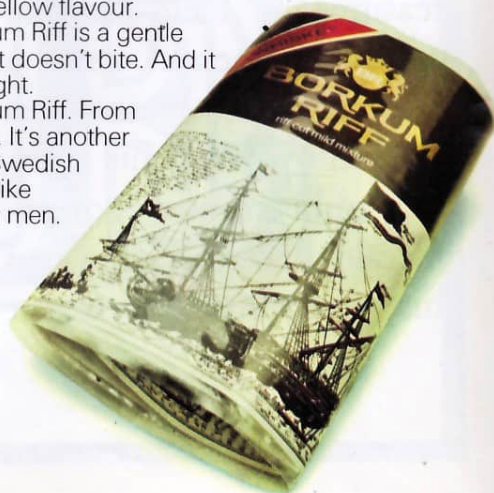
## BOURBON FLAVOURED BORKUM RIFF

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*'Isn't it great to be away from civilisation for once  
without the sordid peep shows and nasty little blue films?'*

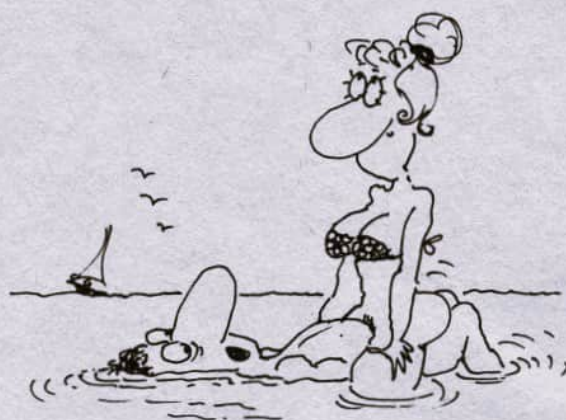
## HAVING A LOVE-LAY TIME

Cartoonist Maddocks offers some  
moments that you won't find mentioned  
in the package holiday brochures





*'Hi there. Are you here for 10 or 14 days?'*



*'I think we've been overdoing it - I've gone deaf.'*



*'What on earth were your Auntie Rose and the deck chair man doing to let you bury them in the sand?'*

### RECEPTION



*'Take Mister and Mister Smith up to the bridal suite.'*



*'If I may translate for Mario . . . He said he wouldn't touch you with a barge pole even if he had one . . .'*

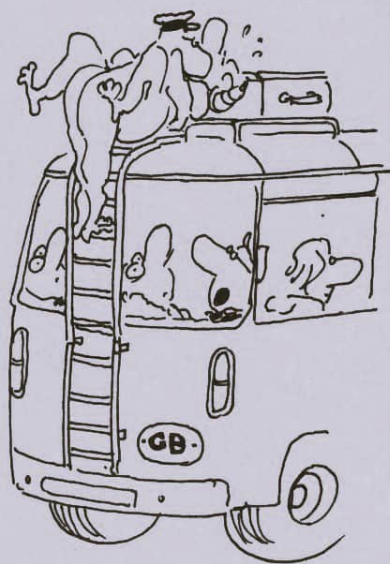




*'Darling – where else would you expect a bird of paradise to perch?'*



*'Adding these beads up in real money we're making about 40 quid an hour!'*



*'I've often wondered what those little steps were for at the back of the coach.'*



*'Darling – three down and one across – to conquer boredom?'*



# SECOND

## Mayfair's medical Dr Charles

Dr Vintner (a pseudonym for a highly qualified medical practitioner) offers advice here on a wide range of problems, medical, psychological and social or even on matters of sexual etiquette. Many of these are problems which the sufferers may be reluctant to discuss with their doctors. Dr Vintner believes that this opportunity to share problems,

*My fiancée has been using the contraceptive pill for the last five months and in that time she has put a lot of weight on. Dieting has not proved to be any help so we have agreed that she should stop using the pill at least until after we are married. Until then we will not indulge in intercourse. But she is worried even now at the risk of pregnancy. I can't reassure her because I know nothing about the pill. She is wondering if any sperm can remain inside her after the end of the course of pills until the time that she ovulates naturally again. C.D., Doncaster.*

Dealing first with the problem of increased weight due to the pill it has been found that certain of these do have such an effect on some users. But as the range of pills is still quite extensive I would suggest that the Clinic be consulted to see whether another variety might be tried which would not have such an effect.

Concerning any residual sperm the course of treatment on the pill runs from the end of one menstrual period to the start of another so that normally one ceases taking these as the period starts, or is due to start. The fact that the period begins within a day or so of ceasing to take the pill means that no pregnancy has occurred and residual sperm is thus cleared away. In fact, sperms have a very limited life cycle and the effects of the pill itself are sufficient to eliminate any which may still remain between the last intercourse and the commencement of a period.

*I have been married now for 15 months and although my wife and I are both physically fit we have a severe sex problem. My wife has never reached an orgasm during either foreplay or intercourse. I seem to be able to take her to the point of climax but then she suddenly loses all sexual feeling. I have tried to overcome this with extra long foreplay before intercourse. This has sometimes helped but always just before coming she just freezes. I have tried to persuade her to see a doctor but she won't although she is very upset about the whole thing. Can you offer any advice? M.V., Spalding.*

A failure of this sort on the part of the woman is quite frequently rooted in early psychosocial training where her functional sexuality is inhibited. Parental propaganda often dictates that sex is bad, or dirty, and that no 'good girl' would be so depraved as to enjoy intercourse. Where this is the case it can be relieved and the inhibitions eliminated through hypnosis, the extent of the treatment varying with

the strength of the inhibition and the woman's reaction. When the normal cycle of sexual reaction fails to take place this is almost invariably found to be due to ignorance or fear. It is also possible that the lack of response may be due to the woman feeling that the male does not really care for her but is simply using her body for his own satisfaction.

Apart from hypnotherapy to remove the psychological causes of this inhibition you should also try varying the position adopted for intercourse to see whether a change from the usual 'missionary' one will produce greater sensitivity. Frequently the female superior position in which the wife kneels astride the husband who is lying flat on his back is very effective. If she positions her knees roughly level with his nipples it will be found that her vagina is in about the right position for her to slide down on to the penis. By this method she can control the amount of entry, rate of movement, and other actions to suit her particular requirements. If you can exercise sufficient control and simply allow her to 'help herself' without ejaculating it is possible that this freedom to slide up and down on you with whatever motion she chooses may enable her to release her inhibitions. During all this time you should make a point of caressing her breasts and manipulating the clitoris in an effort to increase her sensitivity to the point of orgasm.

You should aim for extended intercourse and vaginal containment without trying to climax yourself. Frequently it is that whenever the woman feels the speeding up of the thrusting which immediately precedes ejaculation she reacts in an adverse manner by 'freezing' herself. Why this happens is not definitely known but one could speculate that some form of incorrect tuition at an early age indicated that so long as she did not have an orgasm there would be no conception.

*I have two worries that I think are due to the fact that I masturbate two or three times every day. One is that I have a very obvious bend in my penis and the other is that sperm often oozes through the skin of my penis when I ejaculate. W.K., Glasgow.*

I doubt very much whether excess masturbating would have the effect of causing the penis to bend. Most have a bend in some direction that is quite natural. The wearing of fairly tight trousers and 'dressing' to the right or left are the normal contributory causes. But masturbating so frequently is an act of self-desecration; it is not a physio-



# OPINION

## *consultancy with Vintner*

and to read of other people's worries, is of help to many who think that their problems are unique. Most GPs have little time to devote to the sort of questions that are dealt with here although in many cases it is clear that a medical opinion should be sought. Dr Vintner's guidance here is intended to complement the reader's doctor's advice.

logical necessity for physical relief but rather an unnecessary habit which should certainly be reduced.

However, this does not answer the query concerning the oozing of sperm. It sounds like an infection of some sort causing damaged pores to allow seeping through the skin. I suggest that you consult your doctor for proper medical treatment. If this condition is allowed to persist untold damage could result.

*Could you please advise me on bust development, My breasts are not very big or firm and this causes me distress. I believe there are some sort of hormone tablets that could help me but I do not know how to obtain them. Alternatively, perhaps you could give some details about cosmetic surgery. Mrs F.W., London N.1.*

Many exaggerated claims have been made for tablets and creams, all of which are supposed immediately to produce increased breast development. But I have not yet found one which in any way lives up to its claims. Hormone tablets, steroids and similar substances *could* have this effect but should only be prescribed by your family doctor after a full examination. It is quite possible that the wrong prescription could have an effect which would be far from pleasant and might even prove dangerous. I would stress that these things should only be taken after medical consultation.

Cosmetic surgery is possible and is a relatively easy method of increasing the breast size to any measurement and, within limitations, any shape you may desire. In certain cases, i.e. medically, these operations are carried out under the National Health Service but much will depend on your doctor's findings as to whether this lack of development is having any adverse effect on your mental attitude. Otherwise it is possible to have the operation carried out privately. Here the breasts are injected with an inert plastic which is shaped as required prior to its setting into a semi-firm size and shape.

*I am 23 years old and I have a problem which I have had for as long as I can remember. My sister, who is 20, and myself have always been close. We have always enjoyed each other's company and often go out together. As I am in the forces we also write to each other every week. We both love each other very much and if we were not brother and sister we would marry. But over the years we have become very worried in case we cross the line and forget the taboo of incest. We*

*have tried to break from each other but this only makes our feelings stronger. We share a flat when I'm on leave and hold no secrets from each other. We worry every day in case of a baby if we ever went too far. J.B., Kent.*

This is a particularly dangerous situation and I am sure that you are well aware of the penalties of incest. At the same time there is the danger that should you ever 'cross the line' an offspring may result with all the well-known complications in such cases.

Even in these permissive days your relationship is just that much beyond the pale and quite apart from the moral code which applies in these cases there is the fact that if you should ever be found out, neighbours or 'friends' might gossip and the resulting court case would be very unpleasant and the consequences could well prove disastrous to you. I strongly recommend that you do everything in your power to point out these dangers to your sister, no matter how much it may hurt both your feelings. Whatever job she does she should take another in quite another part of the country. Perhaps you could apply for an overseas posting which surely could be arranged. The flat should be given up and all regular meetings abandoned. Letters should be reduced in frequency and the whole tone of them brought down to a friendly and casual brother/sister normal contact. Remember, if this continues you will ruin the chance for your sister to find happiness in a normal relationship. Remember too that the same applies equally to yourself. Stop this before it goes any further. Disaster lies ahead.

*We invite readers to submit any problems they feel Dr Charles Vintner can help with. All letters will be treated as confidential. No names and addresses will ever be published, but full names and addresses must be included in your letters. Your letters will be acknowledged by an acknowledgement sent in a plain sealed envelope. Because of delay between receiving a letter and publishing an answer, letters to be used in the magazine may have the advice sent direct to the letter writer in advance of publication.*

**DR VINTNER DEALS ONLY WITH LETTERS FOR PUBLICATION. NO CORRESPONDENCE WILL OTHERWISE BE ENTERED INTO.**

Address your letters to: Dr Charles Vintner, Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.



# BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

To any man brought up in the tradition of 'ladies don't move', a mode of misbehaviour that included the postwar Windmill Theatre's nude tableaux as well as Victorian sexual mythology, the modern gel may seem a bit of a handful. ('On the contrary,' a large brandy-and-soda once reminisced at the pub, 'when I was in Poonah...')

Luckily there are some pointers for the innocent male a-broad: some trails have been blazed in the modern pubic jungle. Foremost among the new ones is a novel from fashion editress Molly Parkin. If the mental eyeful she provides in *Love: All* (Blond & Briggs, £2.75) doesn't tell you most of what you need to know about contemporary woman's sexuality – then don't bother with sex dictionaries: you won't know what they mean.

Her affectionate, oddly-named heroine, Myopia, is a kind of haphazard Fanny Hill, circa 1974. Her body is a permanently light fantastic she loves to trip around. Example: when an old boyfriend comes over, promising a naughty nightcap, but falls asleep instead, she rubs herself off while gazing at the sleeping man's legs, etcetera. Example: when a makeup expert uses her as a test of his putative queerness, she resists for an instant, then accepts his 'sweet pork sword' for just 12 thrusts and a sharp sly twist at the end to make the cake perfect.

Men, too, are a kind of pleasure-land, a territory where feminine Myopias are the only real imperatives.

Example: when her ex-husband takes her out to dinner to reveal his new marriage plans, it takes no more than a little thrumming footsie under the table and a kiss on the hand to have both of them oozing with eager anticipation. Myopia thinks: 'For two pins I'd have stripped everything off there and then. Stood up, stretched over and stuffed both breasts in his mouth at once. Pinned him down with a naked knee, unzipped him quick and yanked it out...'

Example: her gargantuan Yankee film mogul lover Sam, a virtually impotent outsize man who studies tantalising pictures by the bedful while she strokes and kisses and licks his erogenous zones for a couple of hours, till she falls asleep.

Never mind the man in Brighton that Myopia visits every Monday – dressed as a schoolgirl, she licks him dry: just who he is, is a saucy secret, revealed cunningly on the last page. That south coast fellatio fellow doesn't seem to count as a serious lover. But there's a casual acceptance, too, of even the really meaty stuff.

Girlhood whisper has it that a bloke who really knows what he's doing in bed can get goose pimples growing on your eyeballs. André's preparatory moves (he's her new French lover, and they've just eaten enormously at his own restaurant in Paris) smack more of the gynaecological than the erotic: first a laxative to make her relax, relieve a headache and prepare the way for lovemaking. Then a cup of coffee to give her a little strength, a warm bath, and into a four-poster bed, with an accurately-tilted mirror above the headboard.

And so, come the dawn. The real question is, is it new? Is Myopia the New Woman? Did female suffrage upset the sexual balance? Let brandy-and-soda have the last word: Many years ago, when I was in Poonah, vote or no vote, women always won the erection!

## FILMS

David Quinlan

Four-letter words lie thick on the ground in this month's films, though without too much effect. They don't for example, make *Blazin' Saddles* any funnier, or *The Nurse* Report any sexier, and *The Last Detail* hardly more pungent. In fact the most effective use of vulgarity is when Lucille Ball calls someone a bastard in *Mame*—and that's because it's the only time it's used in the film.

Now *Blazin' Saddles* (X) is a kind of 'Westzapoppin'. Film buffs will need to know no



AS THE BRUTE CAME RAMPAGING AT HIM, TARZAN MOVED TO MEET THE ATTACK, HURDLING OFF THE ENCOMING ARMS—



HE DROCHED, SPRANG IN, AND DROVE THE KNIFE TO THE HILT INTO KERCHAK'S BODY.

Tarzan was probably the first of the great comic-strip super-heroes, a forerunner of Superman and Batman. In Edgar Rice Burroughs' 'Tarzan of the Apes' (Pan, £1.50), the very best of the early colour strips by the American artist Burne Hogarth concerning the King of the Jungle's origins and upbringing by apes are reproduced.

more, but for the uninitiated, let me explain: a helter-skelter of gags, sewn together like a patchwork quilt, some of them hit, some of them miss, and all of them zany.

In this case, it's laced together with language that's very strong for a comedy, topped with red-and-yellow credit titles (circa 1954) and a theme song by Frankie Laine. It is mixed with such characters as Cleavon Little, as the first hip black sheriff; Gene Wilder, a cut above everyone else in this class as the drink-sodden Waco Kid, whose hands are so fast no-one can see them move; Madeline Kahn, working very hard and getting the laughs as German singer Lili von Shtupp ('Is that a 10-gallon hat in yuh lap, mistuh, or are ya just enjoyin' the show?') and Alex Karras as a giant westerner who knocks out a horse with one blow, to save punching its rider.

Writer-director Mel Brooks (who made *The Producers*) has missed some of the best western clichés but has kept

enough to make comedy western fans happy. And there's a scene involving breaking wind from varying parts of the anatomy that's almost funny – quite an achievement considering what a brick the Boulting Brothers laid in the same field in *Soft Beds, Hard Battles*.

*The Last Detail* (X) is a raw, raucous, grainy and grim story of two U.S. petty officers (Jack Nicholson, Otis Young) exhorting an 18-year-old prisoner (Randy Quaid) half-way across America to serve an eight-year sentence for stealing \$40 from a polio collection box (the favourite charity of the CO's wife).

The characters are unlikeable and pathetic, while the plot, to use the word which seems to comprise half the script, is a kind of 'On the Fucking Town,' with the sailors showing the boy a 'good time,' which includes getting him drunk and introducing him to prostitutes.

Depressing and a bit predictable, it does have its high



moments. And Nicholson, whether mouthing obscenities or reflecting on the emptiness of his life, is always worth watching.

Twelve years after *The Chapman Report*, from West Germany comes *The Nurse Report* (X), which has nothing to do with hospital conditions, and everything to do with being a sex film. This is the kind of hospital I would pay to get sick in. The nurses all have huge knockers which make pleasant bulges under their blue mini-uniforms, which is all most of them wear apart from long white socks and knickers that conveniently undo at the side.

'The nurses are about as overworked as we are,' comments one of the doctors. And he's not kidding. I counted nine seductions in the film's 71 minutes, which hardly even allows for heavy breathing. In fact, it's mostly about three kisses, followed by removal of uniform, a quick once-over the breasts, another 10 seconds of passionate kissing or nipple-biting, off with the knickers – some of the nurses ease their bottoms up to let the men get their briefs off and make their breasts bounce for the audience at the same time – and into action. It reminded me of Amanda Barrie's famous revue song: 'Little instant me – I can be made in 30 seconds.'

Of course, the mousy nurse with the glasses turns out to have the best breasts of all: but my favourite was the fat Joan Sims-type nurse who awakens her love by slapping his face with her (considerable) boobs. Morecambe and Wise would have liked that. As *Mame*, Lucille Ball is a game old trooper, and, although she doesn't look 65, she just doesn't seem to have it anymore.

The decor is impossibly vulgar and, of the other performances, co-star Robert Preston simply looks lost, and only Bruce Davison, a sort of young Steve McQueen, is even tolerable. The script does have one very good line, but, as it comes in the 118th minute of a 131 minute film, I'm not about to spoil your crumb of comfort by revealing it.

A colleague, shocked by my comments on the vocals, remarked that he liked that sort of 'gutsy croaking.' Guts the cast at least has: it certainly needs them.

## DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Beethoven's piano sonatas must be among the choicest possessions of all who love music. They are a vivid commentary on the composer's life and give an insight into a great and tragic personality. Models of coherence and lucidity, his sonatas are works of the same order (and sometimes of the same scale) as his string quartets and symphonies.

**Beethoven Sonatas Nos. 14, 15 and 22** (Eclipse ECS 720) and **Nos. 23, 24, 25 and 27** (Eclipse ECS 721) feature Friedrich Gulda at the piano. No. 14 in C sharp minor, the 'Moonlight' sonata has a first movement in which a beautiful, melodic line rises and falls from the ceaseless triplets in a dream-like and poetic mood. The second movement is a lyrical episode, a half awakening from the first movement before the plunge into the storm of the finale. The third movement is a lightning flash of inspiration – nothing like this had been conceived before. Traditional form is abandoned for a course answerable only to an inner creative force.

No. 15 was called 'Pastorale' by the publisher, but not by the composer. The word does, however, fit the gentle, almost

benign character of the music. No. 23 in F minor, 'Appassionata' is indeed the most passionate sonata ever penned. The four-note motive recalls the fifth symphony's opening. The scale and emotional power of this first movement are staggering. Never before had the piano been used with the vehemence and heroic eloquence achieved in every bar of this movement. Beethoven's sensitivity to his own inner world of feeling is apparent in his specific directions to sonata No. 27 in E minor: 'With animation and continual feeling and expression,' he orders. And every word counts.

These sonatas are the product of a great mind dealing with the problems of beauty in music and its perfect presentation. Classical music is now enjoyed by more people than ever before, and its appreciation has been fostered by the mass media. But the non-specialist may be daunted by the very extent of classical recordings available. **An Introduction to the Greatest Music in the World** (Phillips 6747071) is a two-record set containing 15 favourite classics. The price is a bargain £1.50. It features carefully selected pieces by the following: Rossini (William Tell and the Barber of Seville overtures); Wagner (Tannhäuser – Entry of the Guests); Weber (Invitation to Dance); Suppé (Light Cavalry); Chabrier (España); Ponchielli (Dance of the Hours); J. Strauss I (Radetzky March); Brahms

(Hungarian March); Rimsky-Korsakov (Flight of the Bumble Bee); Liszt (Hungarian Rhapsody No. 4); J. Strauss II (Roses from the South); Musorgsky (Night on the Bare Mountain); Berlioz (Damnation of Faust, Hungarian March); Dvorák (Slavonic Dance No. 3). This album is a good quality stereo recording and provides excellent value for money.

Bach was one of the greatest transcribers in the history of music. In addition to the numerous adaptations he made of his own works, he refurbished, transcribed and generally derived creative stimulus from a host of other composers. Bach then, would surely approve of his keyboard music being scored for a very large orchestra. **Bach Transcriptions** (Decca PFS 4278) has Leopold Stokowski conducting the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra. Stokowski writes: 'If Bach were alive today, he would undoubtedly write glorious music for the highly evolved modern orchestra. He would find no limits to his expression but would use every resource of the orchestra of today as he used every resource of the organ in his own time.' Heard through the orchestral transcriptions of Leopold Stokowski the music of Bach takes on new dimensions of sonority and feeling which, while beyond the resources of his own day, would surely have brought him deep satisfaction to hear.





# NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

Listen, troops – there is only one place to make straight for when you arrive in London these evenings, and that is the **Loose Box Wine Bar**, in Cheval Place just opposite Harrods Store in Knightsbridge. We know when we are on to a good thing, and there is no doubt about the number of good things that are to be found at the Loose Box: it has now become the accepted meeting place in London, and every evening from 7 pm until 11 pm it is packed with delightful dollys taking their turn to drink the wine and meet the boys.

You may think that my advice is rather blatant in this instance, but now that wine bars have become socially acceptable they have certainly taken the place of pubs as the sort of rendezvous a girl can visit without any loss of face, and under the guise of taking a social drink, meet the boys. They are certainly doing just that at the Loose Box.

Down in Motcomb Street, SW1, a wine bar of a different type has opened – **Motcombs**. Here it is all suave and cool, with Belgravia rustic decor on ground and basement floors, with rather good food being

served in a restrained and undoubtedly very dignified atmosphere.

Motcombs is the place to meet your top-drawer client in dignified Belgravia for the social drink that clinches the deal, just before you pop round the corner to **Drones** in Pont Street, the Top People's hamburger house.

Drones is certainly up market – but once in the door you can relax in an aspidistraed parlour and dine relatively economically for this expensive endroit.

Drones is always bound to be crowded, but one place that is less likely to be crowded is the new roof restaurant at **Meridiana** in the Fulham Road, which with its terrace and open-air aspect must become one of Kensington's popular open-air dining places. We do not have to remind you that Meridiana is run by Enzo Appicella, who has been responsible for virtually all the avant-garde Italian restaurant design in London.

Equally interesting should be the new roof gardens and restaurant at **Biba's** in Kensington – unopen as we write this piece, but rumours have it that this will become one of

London's top landmarks. They have apparently let their imagination run wild in the design and layout of this yet-to-be opened venue.

Judging by their advertisement equally full of promise is **Josephine's Restaurant Club** in Charlotte Street, W1, so we went along to see. The advertisements claim that 'It's yes tonight at Josephine's', and there certainly was a lot to say yes to – with the topless bar, see-thru waitresses and a provocative surprise cabaret. Josephine has gathered a group of lively girlfriends, who seem to drop in most evenings, and in fact put on a second cabaret of pretty exotic dancing after the show is over. We checked menu and wine list, which is reasonably priced for a nightclub restaurant, and we checked the food, which is better than most night club restaurants – for instance, it is unusual to find a choice of six different potato offerings in a nightclub, from Lyonnaise to croquette. In any nightclub the bills are what you make them – but it is possible to visit Josephine's without breaking the bank, so as the wise ad-man said: 'It could be yes tonight at Josephine's'.

A nightclub of a more sophisticated nature is **J. Arthur's** in the King's Road, SW3. Opened by a syndicate of backers who each put in £50, and with a select membership, J. Arthur's is a very individual night club established by wealthy people for their particular amusement. Working on the basis that if you are the sort of person who ought to belong to J. Arthur's you will have no difficulty in joining. The club will probably become fashionable this summer and adds to the number of top-bracket exclusive clubs in Chelsea, alongside Factotum, Arethusia, and Le Club.

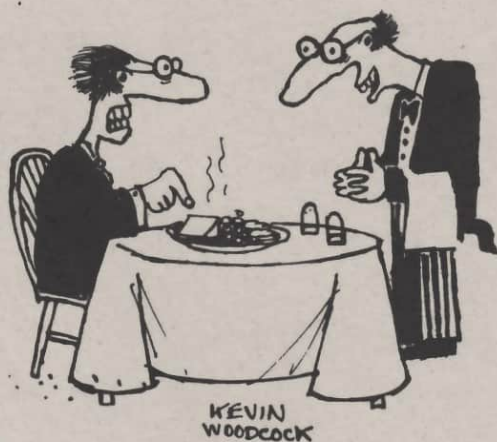
If you travel a little further north, up Kensington Church Street in fact, Walter Orsi (late of Tiberio) and Pasquale (late of Trattoo) have done their own thing by opening **Medusa** restaurant. Expensive it is, though it has its attractions with Alan Clare playing sophisticated piano in the cocktail bar and a smart but rather colourless restaurant

downstairs. Service, nevertheless, is slow – the party I joined waited an hour and-a-half in the cocktail bar before we entered the

restaurant room – and they made one ghastly mistake on the bill, although it was soon sorted out. Still, we should pay attention to Medusa. When Walter Orsi and Pasquale get together, there's promise in the air.

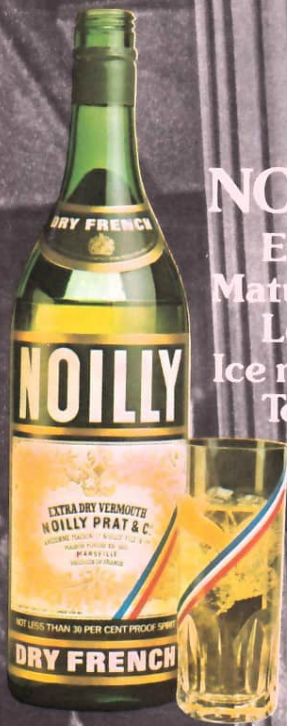
Nothing could be more full of promise than the possibilities of the **Bistro Dateline**, which has just opened in Buckingham Palace Road, SW1, but the evening that we went there to seek all the attractive possibilities, we were disappointed to find that we were nearly the only people in the place, apart from one other party. Dateline, as you probably know, is the well-established computer dating business which promises to introduce you to an interesting partner, and the use of the name in the designation of their restaurant indicates – however unintentionally – that there will be lots of interesting and possibly compatible customers in the place. We will keep an eye on Bistro Dateline therefore, and let you know if the odds improve, as they obviously should.

Then, finally, the Good News for visitors who are coming into London with their loved one already in tow. We have discovered one of the most interesting hotels in London, the **Inverness Court Hotel** hidden in Inverness Terrace, W2. Huge reception halls in dark carved oak, with elaborate chandeliers, leading to a very Edwardian cocktail bar with plush red drapes and magnificent plaster work, converted from what used to be a private theatre when the house was originally built as the home of famous actress Lilly Langtry. The whole of the groundfloor is in fact a dream replica of the Edwardian era, and up the grand hand-carved solid oak staircase you will find the Lilly Langtry Suite, with enormous four-poster beds, and the most remarkable sunken Roman bath surrounded by deep-pile cream carpeting. It will probably be the first time that you have walked into a bath down a marble staircase hand in hand with your wife and up to three other people (it is quite a large bath). And if you split the cost of the suite between you all, it could work out quite economically, since the tariff is only £27 per day. Surely a good excuse to get a party together and come up to London for a night.



*'What if your cheese is mouldering – your meat's dead if it comes to that!'*





## NOILLY. The French.

Experience makes it.  
Maturity makes it perfect.

Lemon makes it tangy.  
Ice makes it cool.

Tonic makes it sparkle.

People make it perfect.

NOILLY PRAT.  
Peculiarly French.

*Café de  
Souff*





# Rannveig

Norway, as geography text-books will reliably inform you, is famed for its midnight sun, the craggy splendour of its *fjords* and its magnificent mountain scenery. Students of geography would do well too to add the name of 21 year-old Rannveig Laing to their list of Norway's attractions. Sunny-eyed Rannveig was born in the small fishing town of Alesund on Norway's west coast, mid-way between Bergen and Trondheim. 'It was a marvellous place to grow up,' recalls Rannveig, 'I learnt how to ski and skate by the time I was seven, and during the summer I used to go out on my father's boat to swim and fish. People tend to think that Norway is covered in snow all year round, but during the summer it gets really hot and it's great just lazing around on the beach getting a tan.' After leaving school at the age of 16 - 'I'm afraid I wasn't too bright, I spent most













of my time at school looking forward to the afternoon bell' – Rannveig came to London to work as an *au pair*. 'I didn't like that one little bit,' she maintains firmly. 'I think I was too young to have left home actually, and I got very homesick. London was so different after Alesund that I only stayed for a few months before going back to Norway where I started training as an air hostess.' 'So when did the desire to model first make itself felt?' we wondered. Rannveig smiles. 'I never really had any wish to be a model at all,' she replied, 'in fact everything rather came about by accident. During my time training to be an air hostess I went out with some of the other girls one night to a discotheque. I got talking to an English guy on holiday who said that he'd like to give me a job in England working as a disc-jockey. The money he was offering was fantastic, so I took him up on his offer and returned to London. The club I worked in was rather swish and one of the regular customers was a photographer who kept on asking me





whether I would model for him. Well eventually I agreed and things progressed from there.' Silently thanking the photographer who laid bare Rannveig's 37-25-36 to a wider audience, we asked Rannveig of her plans for the future. 'It's great to be appearing in *Mayfair*,' she answered with a smile, 'so many really beautiful girls have been in the magazine in the past that in a way I'm quite honoured to have been chosen to join them. I'll be quite satisfied if I go down well with *Mayfair's* readers. And if a movie producer should happen to see the pictures and reckons I'd make a movie actress, well, so much the better!' Rannveig grins happily at the thought.









## My country needs ME

*continued from page 18*

very considerable financial interests of Great Britain in the country.

Despite his many applications for a transfer to Egypt and notwithstanding his fluent knowledge of Arabic which he had learned in Palestine, Kitchener was refused permission to leave his survey work in Cyprus. But he was quite determined to get in on the fighting and he managed it simply by taking a week's sick leave and using the time to go to Alexandria where he offered his services as an intelligence officer to Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour who commanded the Mediterranean Fleet.

Seymour was not very happy about using the services of an officer who had appeared from nowhere without official orders, but fluent speakers of Arabic were in short supply and Kitchener was allowed to go ashore, dressed as a greasy Levantine, to spy out the Egyptian defences.

The ruse worked well, for Kitchener was able to make friends among the staff officers and later, when Sir Garnet Wolseley soundly defeated Arabi's forces at Tel el Kebir and the British government decided to re-organise the Egyptian Army on European lines, Kitchener was one of the few British officers offered a commission in the new organisation. He was promoted captain in the British Army and gazetted major in the Egyptian forces with a post as second in command of a cavalry regiment. Kitchener's naked ambition and his ruthless drive did little to win him friends in

Cairo, but these same qualities ensured a high measure of efficiency and a growing reputation with his superiors. They were to stand him in good stead when the Mahdi's religious war broke out in the Sudan.

Prime Minister Gladstone, pledged to a policy of peace and retrenchment, was reluctant to involve his government further in Egyptian affairs. He was perfectly happy to leave the Khedive to sort out his own troubles in the Sudan, but in an unguarded moment he sent out Major General Gordon of the Royal Engineers to extricate the Egyptian garrisons from Khartoum – and what followed was a cataclysm. Once arrived in Khartoum, Gordon, one of the really great Victorian eccentrics, flatly refused to do anything about evacuation and calmly sat in his palace, talking about 'smashing up the Mahdi', which he was quite unable to do with the forces at his disposal, and clearly waiting for a British relief force to come to his aid. Gladstone was furious but, in the end, bowed to public opinion and had to send out a relief expedition under Sir Garnet Wolseley, now Lord Wolseley following his success at Tel el Kebir; and Kitchener played a substantial role in the events which followed.

For Kitchener it was an intelligence assignment, working far ahead of the relief force and maintaining a tenuous contact by messenger with Gordon, who remained bottled up in his fortress city of Khartoum. It was hazardous work and he did it well – well enough to earn the commendation of

Wolseley and with sufficient panache to get his name into the newspapers: 'Every war brings its heroes,' trumpeted the *Western Morning News*, 'and when the military operations in the Sudan are over, the name and deeds of Major Kitchener will be remembered.' This was sweet music to a man of Kitchener's unbridled ambition and his self-esteem received a further boost from Gordon himself who, in one of his last messages from beleaguered Khartoum, closed with the words: 'If you would take up the post of Governor-General (of the Sudan) it would be well for the people, and you would have no difficulty that you could not master.'

The affair ended shortly afterwards in disaster with the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon while the rescue expedition was still struggling up the Nile. In the ugly recriminations which followed, many reputations were lost but Kitchener emerged from the debacle a made man. He had been given brevet promotion twice, was now a Lieutenant-Colonel in the British Army and was in solid with Wolseley and, more important, with Sir Evelyn Baring, who, under the deceptively modest title of Consul General, was the virtual ruler of Egypt.

Rapid promotion, self-interest and a mania for economy which bordered on the eccentric brought Kitchener no new friends – and most of the professional soldiers were furiously jealous of him. This feeling reached a high pitch of intensity in 1892 when, to everyone's surprise and disgust, he was promoted Major-General and appointed Commander-in-Chief or Sirdar of the Egyptian Army. But before long he was to show his detractors ample evidence that the people who had voted him into that office – Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister, and Sir Evelyn Baring, now Lord Cromer – had beyond question picked the right man for the job.

War had flared up once more in the Sudan and the Khalifa – now leader of the Mahdist forces following the Mahdi's death from smallpox – was threatening Egypt. With the help of some British reinforcements, Kitchener took his Egyptian Army into action for the first time. Despite some fits of moody depression, at least one moment of astonishing indecision and a quarrel over finance with Lord Cromer during which he actually tendered his resignation, Kitchener took his virgin army into action against the Khalifa's dervishes and emerged as victor in one of the most crushing defeats in the Victorian military record.

After preliminary engagements at Abu Hamed and Atbara, the final confrontation took place at Omdurman where Kitchener's force of 25,000 men, about one third of them British, faced the Khalifa's horde of 60,000. What Kitchener lacked in numbers, however, he made up in fire power and his artillery and maxim guns levied terrible execution among the dervishes who charged again and again with fanatical but suicidal resolution. At the end of the day the

*turn to page 36*



*Although Kitchener was a hero in British eyes, others viewed him very differently. Germany's *Kriegsnummern des Simplicissimus* saw him as a toad quelling Boers in concentration camps*



# Haigland Games

A man in a tuxedo is seated at a green felt table, playing a board game. The game board is a grid with numbers and the words "WINNER" and "LOSER" visible. A bottle of Haig Scotch Whisky and a glass of whisky are on the table. The man is holding a long wooden stick, possibly a game piece or a drink stirrer. The background is dark, and the lighting is focused on the game area.

Don't be vague  
Winner takes Haig



**My country needs ME**  
*continued from page 34*

Khalifa's army was wiped out; 11,000 dervish corpses were counted on the sun-baked plain and 16,000 were held prisoner, many of them wounded.

If anything was needed to consolidate Kitchener's reputation once and for all, this was it. The Sudan was re-occupied, Gordon was avenged and the conqueror was rewarded with a barony, the Grand Cross of the Bath, the thanks of both Houses of Parliament – augmented in practical terms by a monetary grant of £30,000 – and the everlasting favour of the British public, including, significantly, that of Queen Victoria herself. Economical as ever, Kitchener wrote with self-satisfied emphasis to Cromer that he had conquered a country of two million inhabitants at a cost to the Exchequer of 23/3d per head. Kitchener was by now a national celebrity and his luxuriant drooping moustache had become an emblem of British and Imperial virility. He was created Governor-General of the Sudan – some fifteen years after Gordon had recommended him for the post – but only spent a little over a year in the job before being sent off to take high command in another colonial war. This time he had an enemy to be reckoned with, much better equipped and capable of brilliant tactical manoeuvring as was plainly evidenced by the way they had already humiliated the British Army in a series of decisive defeats at Magdeburg, Stormberg and Colenso. It was the Boer War, and Kitchener sailed for Cape Town as Chief of Staff to Lord Roberts, recently designated Commander-in-Chief of the British forces following the resounding



*Alfred Leete's famous 'Your Country Needs You' recruiting poster viciously satirised by Kriegs-Fluglatter des Simplissimus, a German propaganda magazine*

failure of the previous incumbent, General Sir Redvers Buller.

Playing second fiddle was not exactly in Kitchener's line but he got on well with Roberts and together they embarked on a programme designed to wipe out Boer resistance once and for all. Their efforts were rewarded within five months when the two generals retook Bloemfontein, Mafeking and Johannesburg and rode in triumph into Pretoria. On the way they fought the Battle of Paardeburg, a costly and quite unnecessary defeat for the British when Kitchener, temporarily in command while Roberts was down with a feverish chill and calmly assuming pre-

cedence over three Lieutenant-Generals, all his superior in rank, threw his troops blindly into the attack against a strongly held Boer defensive position and received a sound drubbing. Roberts, however, never questioned Kitchener's decision to attack and the incident was soon forgotten. After the capture of Pretoria, Roberts returned home and Kitchener was given the supreme command; he was left with the difficult task of coping with the guerilla war which was still being waged by such Boer leaders as were still at liberty and it took him nearly two years to finish the job; he did it in the end by employing a scorched earth policy, by setting up blockhouses which cut the country up into patrollable sectors and by instituting concentration camps to house displaced or homeless Boer families. The last named stirred up a storm of criticism at home which Kitchener rode out with contemptuous indifference. On May 31, 1902 the Boers signed peace terms and the war was officially ended; Kitchener returned home to a shower of further honours – a step in the peerage to Viscount, a GCMG, appointment to the Order of Merit, promotion to the rank of General and £50,000 in cash voted by Parliament.

Kitchener's next billet was Commander-in-Chief, India, a plum post on which he had had his eye for many months. He arrived in Calcutta and in his usual brusque and autocratic fashion set about reorganising the Indian Army. Unfortunately he immediately came into collision with his superior the Viceroy, Lord Curzon. Curzon, the young and energetic ruler of

*turn to page 74*



*'Dammit. Look at that will you, I've done it again.  
 Packed my blasted sandwiches in my grenade sack . . .'*





Is she after you for your gold?

EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING



Fond memories from the Midlands of the ceaseless quest for willing crumpet in those early days of teenage shyness nostalgically recalled by John Hall

After the factory girl, dog is man's most willing friend. It is not in dog's nature to behave disobligingly to man, and whenever he does so it is usually a matter of course that he is encouraged in his naughtiness by woman. This is not proved. However, it is a fact that you are here reading evidence of a dog behaving completely out of character and against man's best interests, thanks to the cunning of woman, and for the purposes of the story it is well to think of woman as playing a venomous, or at least a mean role apropos of the animal kingdom in its totality. But let us not be too hard on dog, for left to his own devices he strives to improve his nature. So much for dog.

Pigeon. The pigeon is a feathery animal

## UP IN THE WOODS WITH BUSTY BELLA

with little wit for anything but finding the shortest way home. It is a mistake to believe that, when they are sent away on races, pigeons peep for landmarks through the cracks in their wicker baskets. In any case pigeons cannot read station signs, and that is just about all you see from the inside of a pigeon traveller on the way to Brighton, or Calais.

No secret will be made of the fact that the pigeon's navigational excellence is a mystery, and any light that could be thrown on the matter would be welcome. As for the story, it is about animals coming to man's aid in the capacity of message carriers.

The story: Goodbye, virginity! I made  
turn to page 60





Mayfair - Vol. 9 No. 7, July 1974

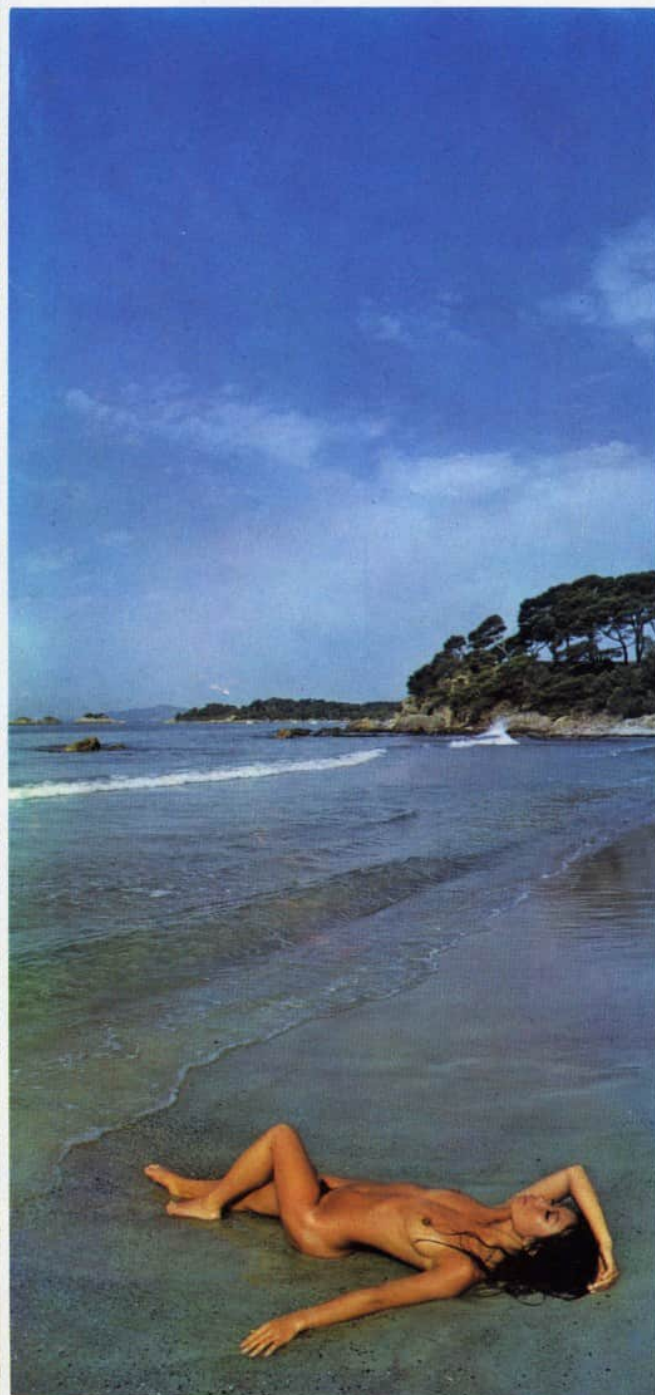




# YA SUKO

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL LEGGE

In repose her face reflects the age-old, almond-eyed innocence of the girls of the East – a lotus flower femininity. Nude, her 34–21–34 form glows with a hardier sexuality – as willing and demanding as a desirable woman's anywhere. It's a side of five feet two inch Yasuko Nagazumi that we see only too little of. However slinkily-clad, whenever Yasuko appears on our television screens it is invariably in the guise of inscrutable oriental evil. That includes episodes of 'Shirley's World,' 'The Man Outside,' 'New Scotland Yard' and recently











'The Protectors,' her longest role yet. 'I play a bodyguard, secretary and judo expert,' she told us. 'At least it's a change from plain nastiness!' Film appearances have included 'Deadlier Than the Male,' 'If It's Tuesday This Must be Belgium' and James Bond's eastern adventure — 'You Only Live Twice.' Born 26 years ago in Peking, Yasuko fled Mao's China with her parents before settling in London. Here she has enthusiastically embraced all things western — but insists on retaining a wardrobe of 10 kimonos 'for special occasions.' Away from the cameras she likes to visit art galleries, practise origami and grow herbs. Not at all inscrutable.



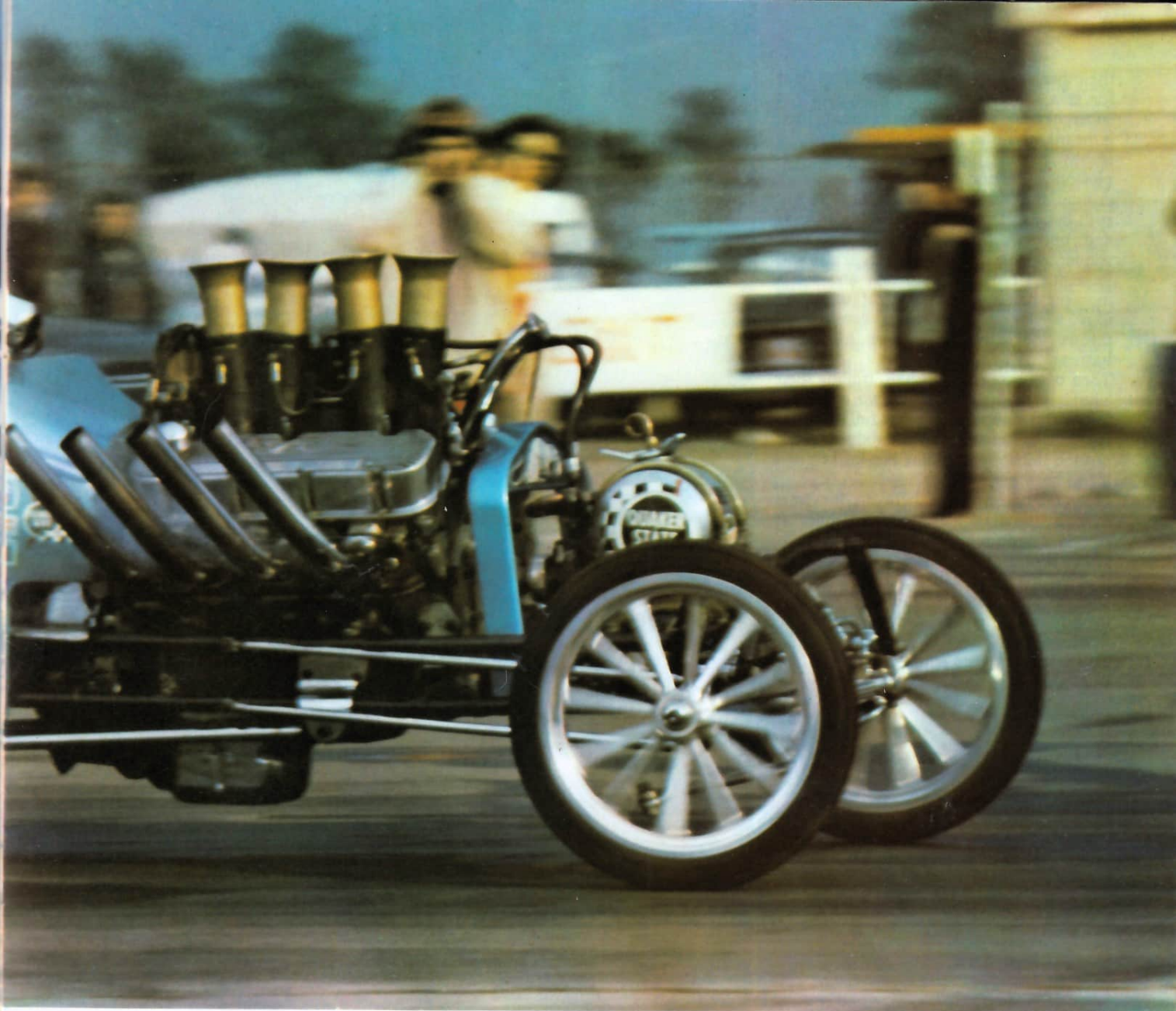


Mayfair - Vol. 9 No. 7, July 1974









# ANYTHING BUT A DRAG

From nought to 200 mph in seven seconds Britain's fragile and fantastic dragsters burn up the quarter mile. Words and photographs by John Dickson

A quarter of a mile away through the heat haze of a summer's day chrome flashes from a hundred highly polished parts, blinding you to what is going on down at the start line.

The disc-jockey style commentary whips the crowd up into a frenzy of excitement, and behind it all is the deep rumble and bark of two huge engines.

Suddenly two tall plumes of smoke rise almost simultaneously, to be followed a moment later by the shriek of the engines as the cars burn-out, heating their tyres to gain maximum grip on the already rubber-coated surface.

It only lasts a second or two, then again comparative quiet, and a bustle of crewmen



*Main picture: Competition Altered 7 litre dragster with Model T replica body. Above: Austin Ruby body over 3.8 litre Jaguar engine. Left: pre-war Fiat Topolino shell.*

round the two cars, getting them in between the two electronic beams four inches apart that govern the start procedure. Two lights flash atop the 'Christmas Tree' – the traffic-light like device that counts down to the green light and the 'go' signal. The lights tell you that both are ready.

Engine notes rise as both drivers hold their cars with their long, hand-operated brake levers. Amber, amber, GREEN, movement again, and the noise comes to you first over the PA, picked up by the announcer's mike. Then you hear it for real and from now on it all happens too fast to really pick out what is going on.

With impossible speed, the two cars are thundering towards you, one arrow straight,



the other weaving slightly as its tyres fight for grip. The high-pitched scream of the superchargers, almost as big as the engines, is heard over the noise coming from the stubby exhaust pipes. Then, with an explosion of sound that shakes the very ground, they are gone, and by the time you rush back to the crash barrier it's all over and only the electronics can pick the winner.

Parachutes blossom suddenly, and for a moment one car has daylight under all four wheels as the fierce deceleration throws the driver forward in his safety harness.

Then both cars roll to a halt, trailing their 'chutes behind them as the two crew cars follow them up the strip, one full of cheering mechanics, the others subdued – but not too unhappy. Nothing has broken and it has been a good race.

Drag racing is a race between two cars over a standing start quarter mile. It started from humble beginnings shortly after World War Two in California, though its roots can be traced further back to the Models A and T Ford, early favourites for engine swaps and modifications.

The early cars were simply stripped down



Main picture: one of Britain's first Competition Altered cars with a 3.8 litre Jaguar engine under an Austin Ruby body. Top left: Santa Pod-owned Funny car, reaching 202 mph in 7.11 seconds. Bottom left: replica body of the rare pre-war American Bantam. Centre right: 7 litre Pro Stock car. Far right: top class 6.5 litre Competition Altered.





Ford and Chevrolet saloons of the day, and it was not until one Dick Kraft threw the body away altogether and moved the seat back over the rear axle that the traditional dragster evolved. His engine was the famous V8 Ford, as used by Allards at around the same time, bolted into a pre-war frame and it drove him at over 100 miles an hour for the quarter mile. The first races were held on the 'main drag thru town', hence the name, but this was generally held to be a bad thing, and with the help of some enlightened police the whole operation moved onto the small airfields that abound in the State – the first event being at Goletta in 1948. Early records of events are scant, but with the formation of the National Hot Rod Association in 1951 by Wally Parks, still the leading light for the sport in America, things got organized and with three 'Safety Safaris' in the mid-fifties taking the sport all over America drag-racing can claim to have established itself, holding its first National Championship event in 1955 in Kansas. Calvin Rice won it with a supercharged sidevalve V8 Ford at 143 mph in 10.30 seconds. Such was the progress already. The traditional dragster remains the





backbone of the sport. It carries nothing that is not strictly functional, the engine being behind the driver nowadays more for safety than anything else, as explosions are common in the highly stressed engines. The long thin body contains little but an oil tank at the front, and a fire-extinguisher system. The great length helps to keep the front wheels on the ground at the start, when the torque at the back wheels tend to lift the front. The pram-type wheels do little but hold the front on the ground, which may sound stupid, but the steering ability of them under power is virtually nil, so the thinner and lighter they are the faster the car will go – a factor which applies to the whole car.

The cars are 'aimed' from the start to the finish rather than steered, and should they get seriously 'out of shape', the driver has to back off the throttle and let the car straighten up again.

The preliminary 'burn-out' is to heat the rear tyres to give them better grip. Made of a very soft rubber compound and running only 5-10 psi pressure, the hotter they are, the better they grip. By burning-out over the start line before the race a layer of rubber is put on the track so that when the car is pulled back into 'stage' ready for the start there is a rubber-to-rubber contact, and thus better grip. The use of bleach, water or special traction compound further enhances this effect, with the compound in particular chemically attacking the rubber to form a gluey layer, rather like treacle.

There were many classes even in the early days whilst today the number runs into hundreds with just three main super-professional groups taking most of the credit. The big dragsters, known as fuelers because of their exotic nitro-methanol fuel have continued uninterrupted till now, changing, but still at the top by performance standards.

So called 'Funny' cars are new by comparison, and evolved through factory participation. By the sixties, with America turning out performance cars for a hungry public, the manufacturer's involvement had

led to works cars and drivers touring the country. These started as more or less highly modified production cars. But then one driver decided to build his car from the ground up with a light tubular frame. After this injection and methanol fuel crept in, then fibreglass bodypanels – and complete bodies. After two or three years, the cars had superchargers and were essentially short wheelbase dragsters with recognizable bodies on them.

The crowds loved them, even if they did look 'kinda funny', and another name was born. Today they are only fractions behind the dragsters, and in most people's eyes provide the biggest pure spectacle in drag racing.

This left the saloon drivers, some of whom had pulled out of the power race when things got out of hand, with nowhere to race in a professional way since most other classes run in various handicapped groups. So Pro Stock – for Professional Production cars – was formed.

This was another instant hit, and has just finished its first successful year in England. Other types include Competition Altered and Street. The Competition Altered has to have a recognisable body of any make or vintage. It has a minimum wheelbase of 72 inches, a basic car engine of some type and comes in all sizes from the super-charged seven litre car down to small four cylinder versions. Typical bodies are Model T Fords, Fiat Topolinos and Ford Populars.

The Street classes run from humble Minis racing similar cars to the Pro Stocks, fastest of all. Basically the more modified the car and the bigger the engine, the higher the class it runs in.

Drag racing arrived in England via the Festivals in '64 and '65 when teams came over and stunned the British public into believing that such things did exist, and did go as fast as the American magazines had been telling them for some years.

One who came was Don Garlits, who although he didn't win his first National Championship until 1964 had been showing them how to do it for years in the

States. This was particularly embarrassing for the West-coasters, who still had a monopoly of the cars and drivers, for Garlits came from Florida, generally thought to be a breeding ground for alligators and little else. Garlits' functional 'Swamp Rat' series of dragsters never looked much, but won consistently.

Today he is best known as the originator of the successful move to rear engined fuelers (actually mid-engined in exact terms) following a clutch explosion that cost him a toe and some weeks in hospital. He made the concept, which was far safer – though not necessarily faster – work, and was so impressed with the ease and smoothness of his car, that when a rival tried to goad him after losing a race by asking if he had seen a bolt lying on the track at the finish – at over 220 mph, he replied, 'Yeah, fine thread wasn't it?'

Today he is still top man with a current record of 5.7 seconds at 247 mph, and still has fun with the opposition by showing up with some totally meaningless gadget bolted on to his car and seeing them run off to copy it.

Santa Pod Raceway near Bedford opened in 1966, and after two formative seasons was further developed for '68, with a new surface and better crowd facilities. The meetings were highlighted by the few outstanding cars available at that time but steadily the sport grew, with two clubs, the British Drag Racing and Hot Rod Association and the National Drag Racing Club running the events today.

As well as Santa Pod other events now take place under a new promotion group, Clive Lanson Enterprises, at Blackbush, Silverstone and other airfield sites.

The Clive part of the name belongs to Clive Skilton, one of the 'big two' fuel dragster drivers. The other is Dennis Priddle, who worked at Westland Helicopters before going professional last year. Over the years, their rivalry has been the biggest single interest in the sport, with Skilton winning everything in sight in 1971, Priddle on top in '72, with the country's first six second run, and some terrific showdowns last year, with Skilton just winning on balance.

The two didn't actually meet until last July at Santa Pod. Both had bought American cars over the winter, actually qualifying them in the States for a big event that was unfortunately rained out, and after their various appearances Skilton was firmly tipped to win. But Priddle brought his old car to the event and took everyone by surprise by leaving Skilton on the line and, despite doing some damage to his engine, won with a resounding 6.63 seconds.

This meeting was one of a series of three with American drivers present, but although one actually drove Priddle's new car, they didn't do as well as expected, and again the big interest centred around Skilton and Priddle. At the third event, Priddle broke his axle in qualifying, and had to retire, leaving Skilton to go on to win.

In August, the two met again at Santa Pod

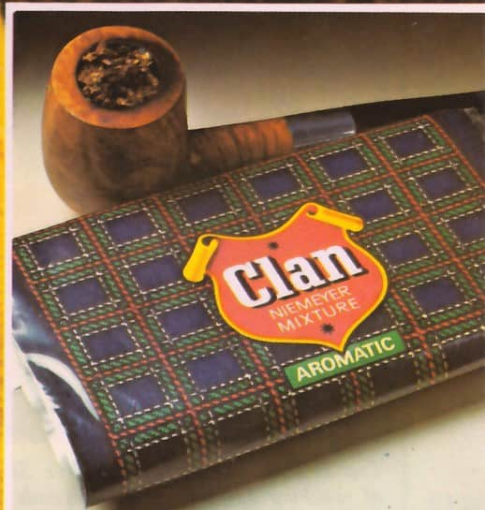


A spectacular 'flame burn out' by night. Flames from the dragster's exhaust ignite the traction compound, melting the tyres to obtain an improved grip.



A man with curly hair, wearing a yellow bathrobe, stands in a room with large arched windows. He holds a smoking pipe in his right hand. In the background, a woman in a light-colored dress stands near the windows. The scene is warmly lit, with a chandelier visible in the upper right corner.

**Clan. The only fragrance a man needs.**



**The mild, aromatic tobacco**  
from Niemeier of Holland



## ANYTHING BUT A DRAG

*continued from page 48*

for the championships. The needle between the two was the talking point of the whole event. Skilton had been consistently quicker at meetings around the country which Priddle had not attended, but when they had met, Priddle's reaction time seemed to do the trick.

For drag racing is not just the fastest car; this only determines the position that each takes in the eliminator, much like a tennis tournament. With the racing controlled electronically, if you can start a split second before the other driver when the green comes on, you can gain a car length that will never be made up with two evenly matched cars, and it is the first to cross the finish beam who wins. Another beam 12 feet before the finish gives the time, and thus average speed over this distance – the terminal speed.

At this meeting then both wanted to qualify at No. 1, which would mean an easier first round against a slower car before they would meet each other. Priddle started with a 6.7 second run, far better than Skilton's 7.4 with his new aluminium Donovan engine. Similar to Priddle's it was developed from the Chrysler 'Hemi' that had taken over from the Ford V8 in the fifties as the dominant power source. He improved later after official qualifying had ended with a 6.8 second run. The next day, during the morning before the afternoon's finals, he was out again with 6.79 seconds at 218 mph. Almost immediately, Priddle was readying his car for the first round of racing.

As expected the two came through to the final together, and the tension was indescribable as they came down to the

line, went through the ritual burn-outs to ensure that they had the very best starting surface. Then – with Skilton a fraction ahead – they were gone, only for Skilton to be passed, incredibly, by Priddle 200 yards out.

Then, even more incredible, Skilton, who definitely had more top speed, was past again at 221 mph in 6.72 to 6.68 seconds at 210 mph.

From then on Skilton won every time they met bar one, and set a new speed record of 224 mph, whilst Priddle's time record set in '72 of 6.59 seconds stood unbroken. At the International event two American funny cars also came over, and these were both bought by Santa Pod Raceway. Allan Herridge, who already drove the Raceway's own dragster drove one, and after a particularly long burn-out which went nearly half way up the strip, the car was reversed back to the start line. With his foot hard to the boards, Herridge stunned everyone with his first ever drive of the 1800 hp car, and looked well on the way to a six second run. Suddenly, about 200 feet from the finish, the car ran out of fuel, which is used up at over a gallon a second, and the engine exploded, the supercharger flying high into the air, taking the roof with it. Despite this, the car was still clocked at 199 mph as it coasted through in 7.3 seconds.

At a later meeting, the rebuilt engine back-fired and split the cylinder head in two, lifting it right off the block. Similar occurrences are common in America, where this breed of car has a reputation for running at the furthest limit of explosion point.

In these fuel-burning classes, the amount of horsepower developed is directly related to the percentage of nitro used in

mixture with methanol. Rival teams do their utmost to find out how much the opposition is running, not just to use a little more themselves, but to try and gauge how fast they will have to run to win. They may feel that they can win on a lower percentage, as this is more reliable, and will gamble on this, but few will ever tell you what they actually are pouring into their fuel tank.

This gamesmanship extends to the start line, where the two drivers will sometimes try to 'psych' each other into staging first, which is felt to be a disadvantage, as the first driver has to wait 'on edge' until the other is also lined up alongside him.

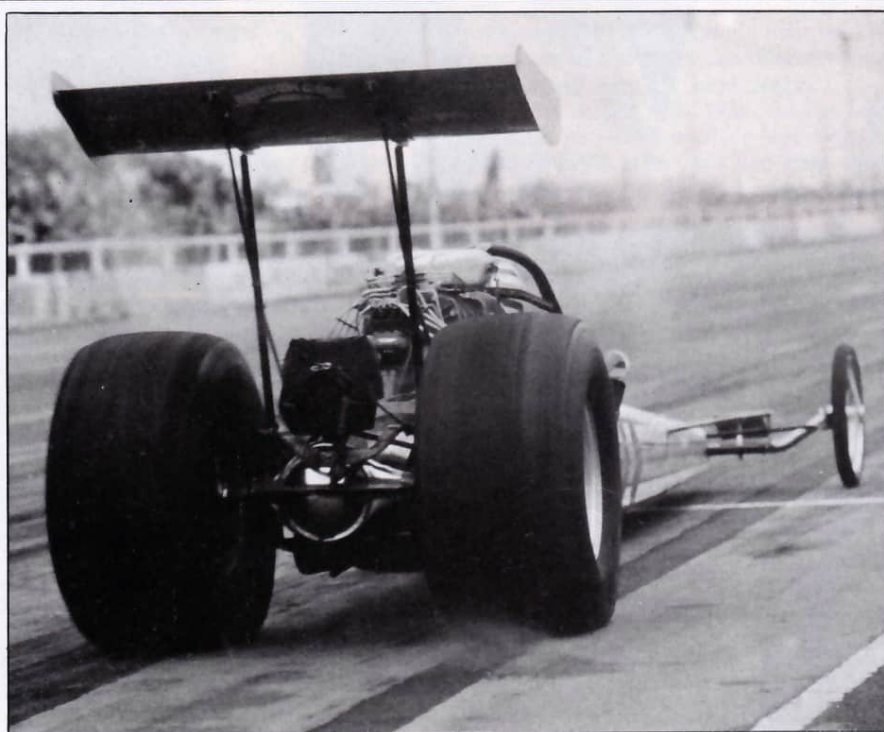
But Drag racing is not all giant V8's bursting with horsepower. Two of the quickest cars outside the big unlimited dragsters are powered by English engines. One is John Whitmore's little 1300 cc supercharged Morris powered car that has run a 9.3 time at 156 mph.

The other is Tony Anderson's car which uses a Daimler 2.5 V8. Very like a small Chrysler in design, it has got into the nines at over 140 mph after one year of development. Both cars are fine examples of traditional English ingenuity, totally home made by their owner/drivers, who have had to adapt or make the parts needed for drag racing at costs within the reach of a wider range than the bigger cars. Both frequently achieve Giant-Killer deeds against cars up to 7 litres, though to be fair these are generally unsupercharged, which does make a difference. They have both managed to take their cars to the very limit of their performance, whereas many of the other cars using American power plants, which obviously cost a great deal more to run, have yet to achieve their full potential.

Rapidly heading that way is Roz Prior, who became the first girl to drive an all-out competition car last year with her husband's injected 7.4 litre Chevrolet dragster. After a few meetings, she has reached nearly 160 mph in 9.3 seconds, and hopes to improve on this substantially next year. In America many girls drive these cars professionally, and the blonde fast lady from Surrey is already turning into a firm favourite.

With the sport steadily gaining in popularity (over 160,000 went to meetings last year), commercial interest grows, as it becomes apparent that it is more than just a sport, it is very much a show as well, which is something that other forms of motor racing have not always realised. But despite this it remains very much a social event for the drivers, virtually all of whom know each other, with the humblest beginner able to mingle with the big names in the sport, and this refreshingly friendly air has often surprised the odd interloper from the circuits.

Various clichés have been used to describe drag racing, including 'the six-second orgasm', both being indescribable sensations unless you're there at the time. And if it sounds a bit too quick to you, remember – there's another one in a minute or two! 



Top British dragster driver Clive Skilton gets the 'go' signal at Santa Pod. Capable of reaching 224 mph in 6.6 seconds his top fuel model is the fastest in this country.

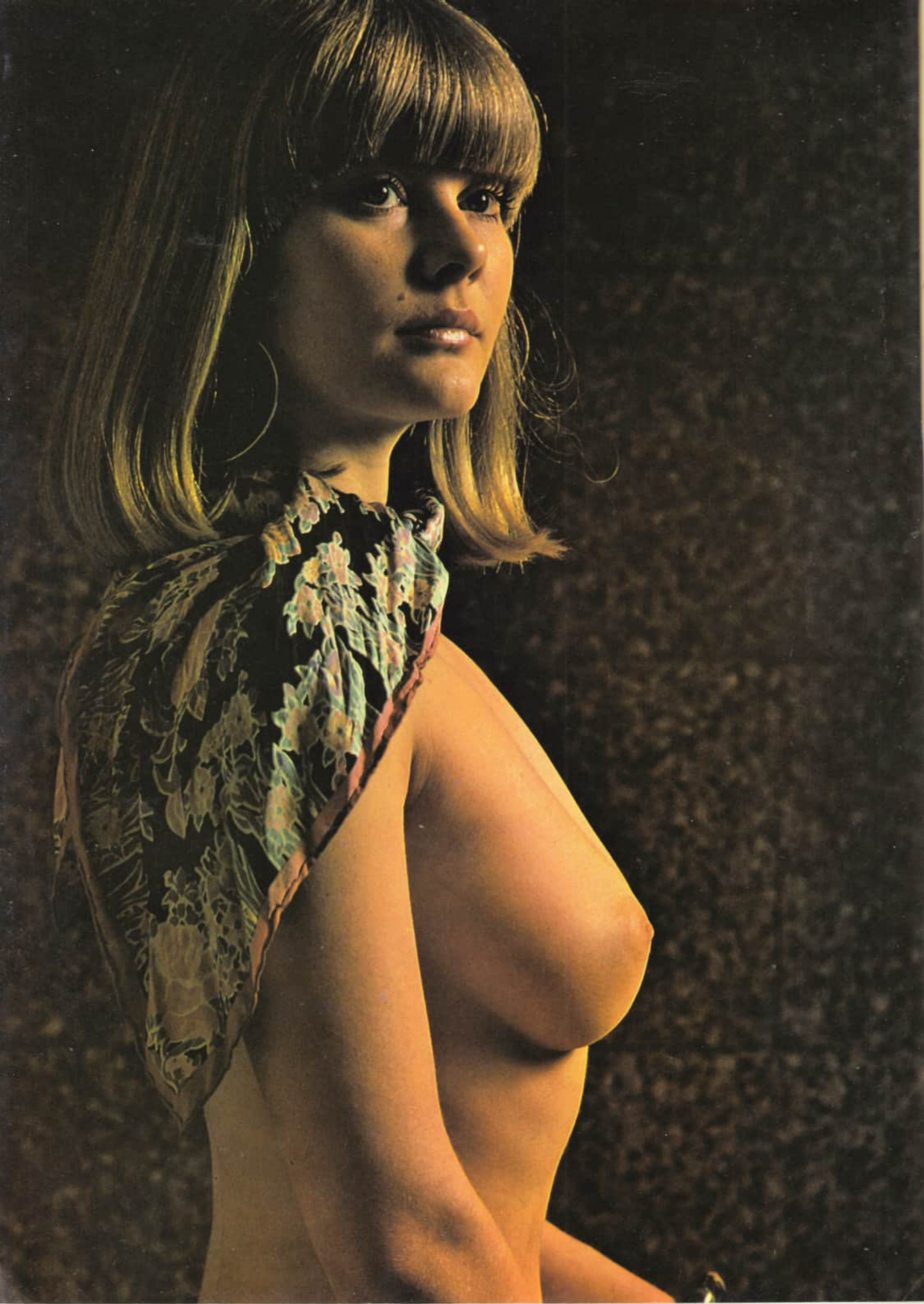




Veronica

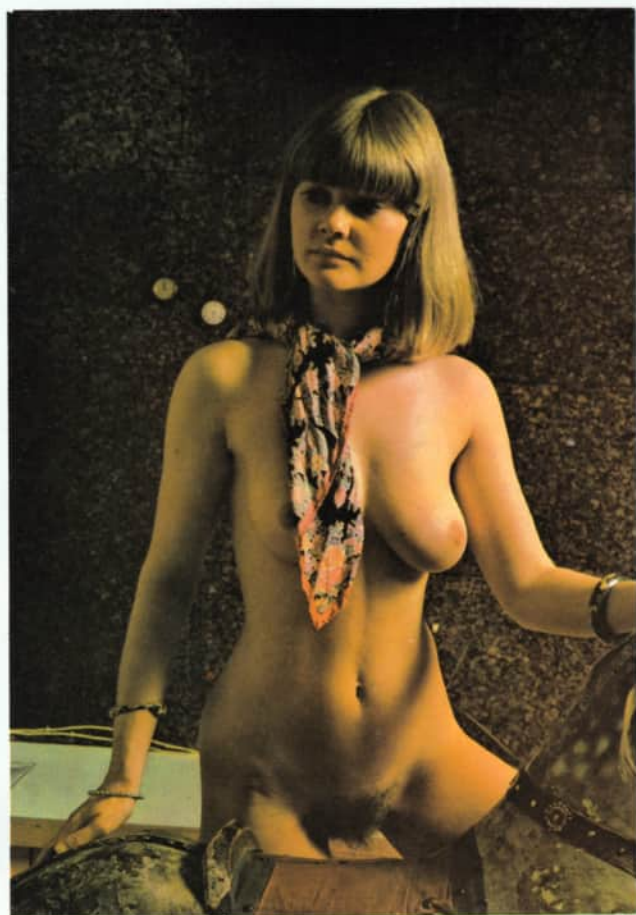
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE McLEAN







The saloon bar of the *Rose and Crown* in London's Brompton Road is decidedly full. Lunchtime drinkers are ranged three-deep around the bar and conversation mingles with cigarette smoke, drifting up to the ceiling. Away from the jostle at a quiet corner table sits Veronica Wrathall: 25 years old, blonde hair, blue-green eyes; her 5 feet 3 inches accentuated by black suede platform shoes and her slim 35-23-34 covered by a clinging black midi dress. Seeing you elbow your way through the crush, she waves and beckons you to the vacant seat beside her. Gratefully you sink down, clutching a drink in which the ice has already melted and reach for a soothing cigarette. 'No thanks,' says Veronica to the offered packet, 'I've given them up.' She hesitates, her hand wavering over the filter, 'well perhaps

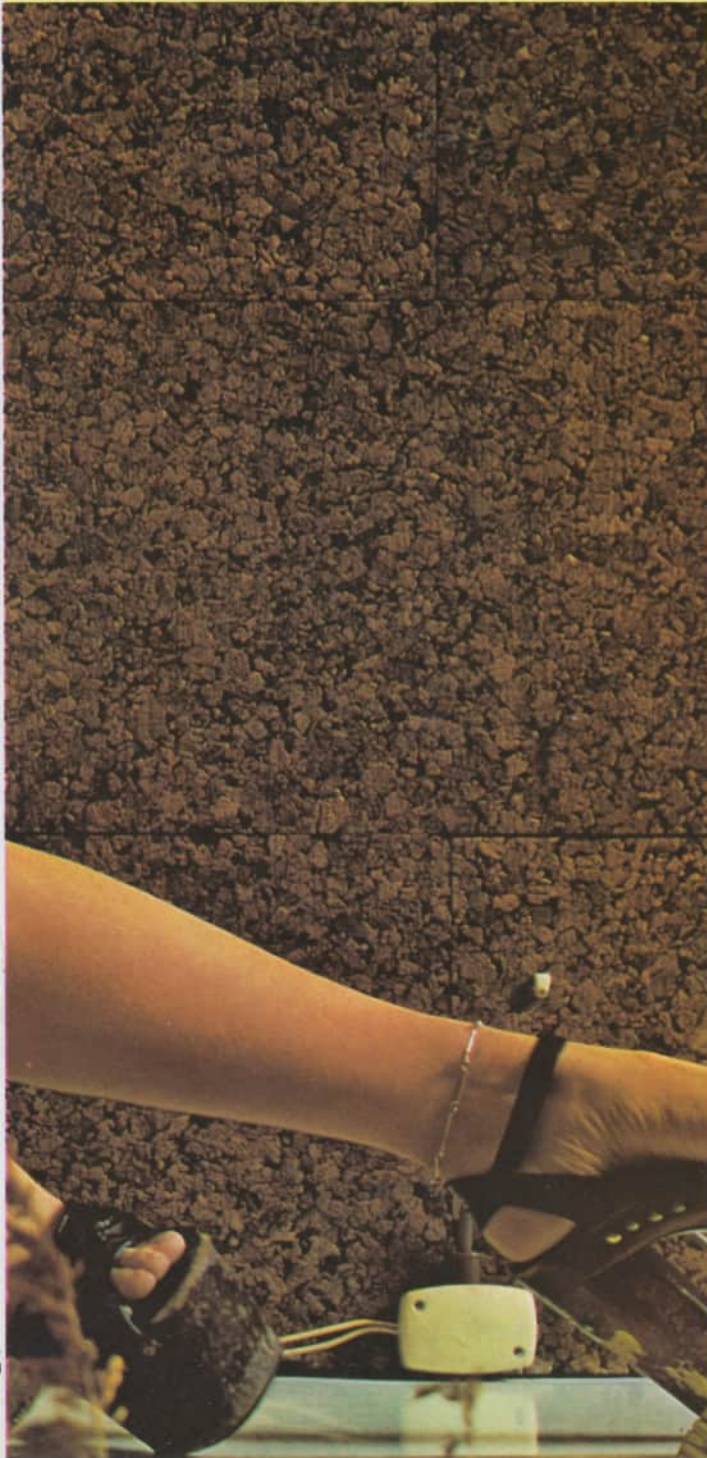








just one to prove to myself that I can smoke occasionally and then stop again.' She takes a long satisfying drag and then smiles, 'I can't stay for too long, I only get an hour for lunch from the boutique where I work. It's just up the road though, so it's quite handy meeting you here. I was thinking on my way here that I bet I know what your first question's going to be. You're going to ask me why I decided to appear in *Mayfair*, aren't you? Well there aren't any deep, hidden motives; I'd never done any nude modelling before, so I thought it would be quite a fun thing to do.' 'And was it?' Veronica grins, 'Yes, great fun. And the money will be useful too, because I'm planning to go to South America in the autumn.' 'Why South America?' Veronica leans back and explains that she has a passion for genuine Indian jewellery and that the wares made by South American Indians are famous for their intricate designs and materials. 'I like antiques too,' she continues, 'in Kingston, Surrey, where I was born, my father owns an antique shop





so I learnt all about them at a very early age. I have very strong likes and dislikes actually. My friends all say that I'm a black and white person without any moderating shades of grey in-between. But I don't think that's so bad. Do you?' She pauses to sip her drink. 'I mean everything seems to be so wishy-washy nowadays that I think it's right to be forceful and decisive. I'm an Aries, which is a strong sign and I suppose I am fairly strong-willed.' 'With men too?' 'I like men of my own age-group,' says Veronica, warming to the subject, 'I don't enjoy going out a great deal; I much prefer to have friends come round for dinner and then sit and chat while listening to records, so any man in my life must fit in with this. I don't usually form long relationships though – I think my record for one boy-friend is seven months. I've worked as an *au pair* in France, and as a ground hostess for Air France and BOAC too, so I know about the merits of continental men.' And continental men must surely appreciate Veronica's undoubted merits too.









MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / VERONICA WRATHALL





## Up in the woods with busty Bella

*continued from page 38*

this whispered salute to myself every Saturday, but it was no use. On every Sunday I still had it with me. Scene: an industrial town in the Notts and Derbys coalfield, circa 1957, in which year I celebrated my seventeenth birthday among other things.

Boys of my age had everything their hearts could desire, except that which they most desired. Fanny was strictly rationed. In fact, as far as we were concerned it was rationed out of existence. So rare was the genuine article that a young rabbit fancier sold dummy versions, stitched from the skins of freshly killed Flemish Giants, turned inside out. They were almost human. In fact, since we were in a state of profound ignorance about the nature of what we were actually looking for, they might as well have been.

Our town was a pretty dull neck, but what made it unbearable above all things was that it possessed several hosiery factories and lace mills, manned entirely by women. They might be seen every night at six, leaving the works gates in their hundreds, glowering with lust and reeking of machine oil. Terence and Clive and Neville and Clifford and I used to visit a different gate

each day, and try to fall into conversation with batches of the most evil looking, hopelessly unmarried girls who, we felt, would be desperate for human contact. Broadly, this was a mistaken belief.

Sometimes they would promise to see us later, and march off with their arms linked. But somehow they became de-fused when they split up and went into their homes, and whatever group action they might have pledged was forgotten when they went alone into their own parlours, and were once again the children of their mothers.

But the chief obstacle to universal sexual pleasure was that there was no good reason for a girl to visit a pub in 1957. Though the town housed fifty-odd drinking places you could guarantee to search every one minutely without fear of finding a female within twenty years of being nubile. Jazz clubs and the like were not yet dreamed of, and public houses, nobody would deny, were simply places where workmen went to be maudlin, also sick. The only girls you saw in any quantity were the ones who marched about with the Girls' Brigade or danced single-sex Palais Glides at church socials. And they're probably still at it.

What we were looking for were blind, unquestioning encounters with big, pungent

playmates of abandon. Jane Russell in 'Outlaw' was the style of lady we hoped to wrestle, and leaving aside films we had an entire literature of homespun carnal fantasies, tailor-made for any occasion.

There was how I blundered across a chesty farm wench, sheltering from the weather under a hawthorn bower, **THE WET SILK OF HER SIMPLE PEASANT BLOUSE HANGING LIKE A VEIL FROM HER HEAVING** etceteras. Whoever heard of a farm girl with a silk shirt? Also there was the hour of the motherly type, her husband six months dead in the pit, who **IN A MOMENT OF WEAKNESS CRADLED MY YOUNG HEAD BETWEEN HER FIRM BREASTS**. Not to mention the girl with the woman's body who in an instant of realisation **KNEW FOR THE FIRST TIME HER WOMANHOOD AND REJOICED IN IT WITHOUT SHAME**.

Pap, all pap. Brute reality forced us to spend every Friday evening in the pursuit of **BLIND DRUNKENNESS**, and if some female with half a breast so much as spat on our shoes we blundered home to spend all our joys in our handkerchiefs.

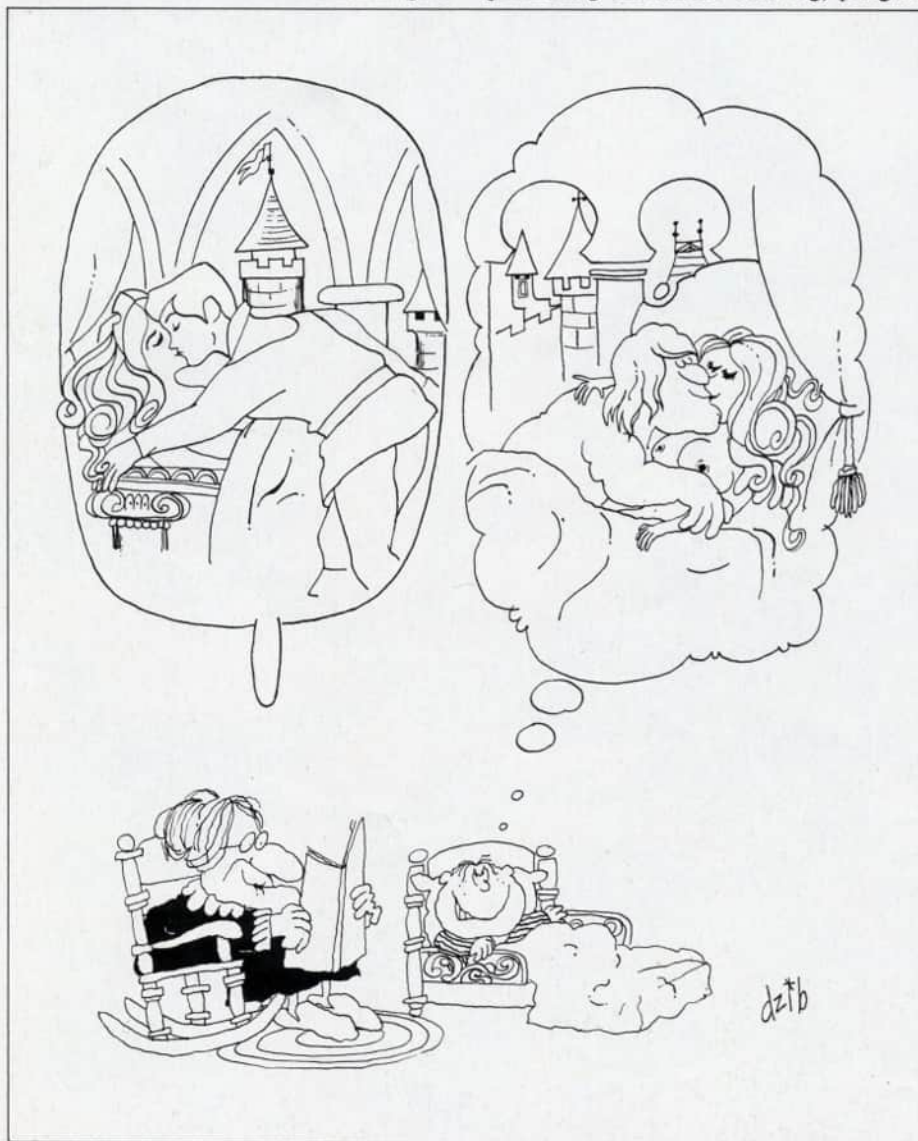
This was no kind of life for an arthritic dog, let alone a bevy of young bucks bursting to do justice to their Y-chromosomes. We spent hundreds of manhours planning how to trap some fanny, just one between five if needs be. And where did we get but nowhere further than punishing ourselves with hand jobs? Until 1957.

Eureka, or something of the kind, cried Neville one day in 1957. This was why: though the factory girls had no reason for going into pubs, they were encouraged by tradition of a kind to spend their summer Saturdays on picnic parties ending in the back yards of country pubs. For some reason it was all right to slug port and lemon against a backdrop of groaning hay wains, though slurping within earshot of the factory chimney was low life. Anyway, once a week from May to September whole coach loads of untried, rank virgins toured the countryside before dulling their judgment at rural inns.

This was the kind of tradition which deserved encouragement. And we were prepared to offer it. The dull sting in the tail of this news, however, was that we had no advance information on where the Saturday parties would be going, and what's more we only had one cycle between us. Here, a moment of silence may be observed in memory of the chagrin which is to be felt when one knows that a coach load of fanny is going to waste within striking distance, and one is still, in spite of all endeavours, a virgin at seventeen.

The silence may be ended with Neville's cry of Eureka. We were down by the pigeon lofts, and it was a Saturday afternoon. Since we were nowhere near to cracking the problem of the wandering coach parties, and were too mean-minded to let one man take the bike and try his luck singlehanded, we were on the point of chipping in to buy a rabbit skin fanny. Actually, they weren't all that bad. Neville

*turn to page 64*







Make it a long weekend.



There was once a sailor of such prestigious endowment that he could never find a girl willing to receive him. He haunted the waterside houses of pleasure in ports all over the world without luck. Many thought they would oblige him – but only until they saw the size of his organ. Finally he heard of a woman in Paris who would accommodate anybody. He met her by appointment in a cafe and she told him that it would have to be done quickly before she thought too much about it. She took him into an extremely dark and narrow cul-de-sac behind the cafe. He unzipped himself. The girl tentatively touched and drew back in horror:

'Ah, no, monsieur. I did not realise. It ees so big. I cannot do anything for you.'

'You must,' said the sailor, 'In this narrow alley, I can't turn round.'

Father O'Grady went to the shoe repairers in his Dublin parish to get a broken strap on his sandal mended. To his surprise he found that a Protestant shoemaker had opened up shop next door to his usual repairer. Determined to promote better inter-church relations he went into the Protestant shoemaker. The next morning the proud shoemaker had a notice in his window which read: 'Cobblers to Father O'Grady.'

The following day a notice appeared in the Catholic shoemaker's window: 'Knackers to the Archbishop of Canterbury.'

John met Mary at a party and it was not long before he had coaxed her back to his flat. After some horseplay on the sofa, they decided to adjourn to the bedroom where they both undressed. Seeing John's three inch armament, however, came as a disappointment to Mary: 'It's not very big is it? I'm used to bigger ones than that.'

'I see,' said John, whereupon he clapped his hands twice. His size promptly increased by four inches.

'Amazing,' gasped Mary, 'but will it get bigger?'

John clapped his hands three times. He grew at once to an astounding 13 inches.

'Ah, that's better!' drooled Mary. 'But since you seem to have this remarkable gift, could you make it bigger still?'

'Certainly,' replied John. He clapped twice more and swelled to 17 inches.

'Oh no, I'm afraid that's too big,' said Mary, 'can you shrink it a bit?'

'O.K.,' John agreed. This time, he snapped his fingers twice. His organ shrank back to 13 inches.

'Beautiful,' said Mary, lying back on the bed to receive him. After mounting and entering her, however, John lay quite still.

'Aren't you going to do anything?' Mary asked.

'If you insist,' said John. Clap, snap, clap, snap . . .

Hoping to encourage her class of small children in their English studies, a young female teacher decided that she would award a prize to the first child who could answer a question on words.

'What is the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?' she asked.

There was a long silence until a little girl in the front row held up her hand: 'Please, miss, I don't really know, but I think a pessimist is something a lady uses to stop herself having a baby.'

'No,' said the teacher, blushing, 'that's not correct, but can anybody tell me what an optimist is?'

'Yes,' said a scruffy urchin from the back of the class, 'It's a lady who is too idle to get out of bed and go and get a pessimist.'

# Gentlemen, that reminds me...



## A round-up of after-dinner jokes

A census agent was asking a householder for the relevant details about his family and home. The householder informed him that his wife, himself and their two children lived in the house, which consisted of a living room, kitchen, bathroom and two bedrooms. The house had no back garden and faced directly on to the street.

The agent wrote down these details and then enquired: 'Do you have any pets?'

'Yes. We have a dog, a cat and a budgie. Oh, and there's the gorilla as well.'

'A gorilla?' the agent mused. His curiosity aroused, he asked, 'Could you tell me how big it is?'

'Oh, it's about six and a half feet tall and weighs about 30 stone, I would say.'

'But,' protested the agent, 'in a house this size where would such a gorilla sleep?'

'Where the hell do you think?' riposted the man, 'anywhere he bloody well likes.'



A man receives a letter from a creditor advising him that the matter of an unsettled debt will be put in the hands of the creditor's solicitors unless he is immediately paid. The man writes back: 'You are welcome to put the matter in the hands of your solicitors, or indeed in any part of their anatomies you may think suitable.'

Shot down over Germany during a wartime mission, an RAF bomber pilot woke up to find a kindly-looking doctor looking down at him. The doctor told him he was in a German military hospital. He also informed him that, regrettably, he had gangrene in his left leg and that the leg would have to be amputated. 'So be it,' the pilot said.

Impressed with the pilot's brave acceptance of this, the doctor was prepared to listen to a bizarre request that the pilot made: 'I wonder if you could drop the leg over England - it would mean a lot to me,' the pilot asked. 'I'll have to ask the commandant,' the doctor replied. Two days later the doctor returned to tell the pilot that the leg had been dropped over England. Unfortunately, however, the other leg was now infected so it would have to come off. The pilot, with stiff upper lip, accepted this. But he repeated his request: 'Could you drop that over England too?'

Three days later the doctor returned. The leg had been dropped, he said. But the gangrene had reached the pilot's left arm. It would have to come off. Again the pilot repeated his strange request. The doctor was impressed with the pilot's patriotism and promised again to ask the commandant. A week later he returned. The gangrene had finally reached the other arm. It would have to come off. 'And I'm afraid that's not all,' the doctor said. 'I can't have the arm dropped this time. The commandant thinks you're trying to escape.'

With a view to persuading his girl-friend to submit to his carnal advances an amorous youth presented her with a solitaire diamond ring and some muttered promises of marriage. Despite the expense, however, she continued to deny him her favours. He sought advice from a fellow drinker as he drowned his sorrows. He was told that a solitaire diamond was not enough and that he should replace it with two. Some days later the youth met his friend in the pub again and reported great success with his girl-friend. 'You see,' his friend pointed out smugly, 'a double diamond works wonders.'

To break his life-long devotion to English food a keen gourmet decided to try a Chinese meal. He read through the menu and finally ordered chicken with fried rice. Bowing in oriental fashion the waiter took his order and said, 'Ah so.'

'Actually, I'd prefer the leg or the wing if it's not too much trouble,' the man replied anxiously.

A knight called Sir Christopher Palmer  
Sold his gear to a young Chinese farmer.  
When he heard about this  
King Arthur said, 'Chris,  
I see you've a chink in your armour.'

*Share your after-dinner anecdotes with other Mayfair readers. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There will be a free subscription for those whose jokes are selected. In case of duplication of jokes, the Editor's decision on awards will be final.*

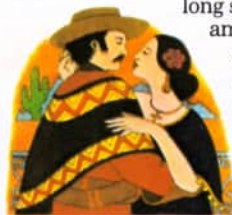


## It's here! the spirit that made Mexico famous

Till now, they spoke of it in whispers! Tequila—the very name made strong men tremble. Wasn't this the drink that drove the Cisco Kid to crime? Wasn't this why Speedy Gonzales never came home?

Now this legendary drink—  
Jose Cuervo Tequila—is here in Britain

The facts about Tequila are some way from the legend. Jose Cuervo Tequila—Mexico's favourite tequila—is a refined spirit that makes long sophisticated cool drinks with ease. It blends amiably, with lime, lemon, tonic, cola, ginger and all sorts of things. Mixed this way, it's quite as much at home in a Knightsbridge salon as in a Santa Fe saloon. Suave, sophisticated, real-life Mexicans (as opposed to that rough lot you get in movies) do actually drink it mixed most of the time.



### Passionate! Yes! Fiery? No.

When you take your first sip of tequila, you are in for a small surprise. This is not the White Man's Firewater that inflamed a thousand Indian massacres. Instead you taste a subtle, dry bitter-sweet tang that gives Jose Cuervo Tequila a distinguishing character. Yes, it's smooth enough. But not (like some spirits we could name) so smooth that it vanishes completely when you add the mixer, and the ice. And there's something about that tang. It's out of the common rut, a taste of the unusual, a taste for individualists. Doesn't that sound like you?



### Cactusses! And other exotic practices...

Jose Cuervo Tequila is made from a special cactus plant called the blue agave that grows only in one special area of the Mexican highlands. It takes nine years to mature the plant, and then a nectar-like fluid can be extracted from its heart. This is then distilled, refined, and matured for another three to five years. So you see, despite its slightly off-beat origins, Jose Cuervo Tequila gets the same care as a fine whisky or brandy, and is just as distinguished a spirit. But it keeps a strange romantic aura, that singles it out. Yes, there is about it a hint of revolutionary fervour, a dash of the Viva Zapatas... it's the Spirit of Mexico.

**JOSE CUERVO  
TEQUILA**  
The Spirit of Mexico





## Up in the woods with busty Bella

*continued from page 60*

was calling in a pigeon that had raced its bowel off all the way from Caen, and was now taking ten minutes deciding whether or not to go into the coop.

'If it don't come in before I've ate this apple I'll pull its neck,' Neville promised, and the intelligent little creature bolted in to be clocked, emitting a small shower of shit and feathers. Just then Neville's idea came along.

Neville's idea: since most of the mystery trips leaving our town followed much the same route into the country, our problem was simply to find out at which point on the route the party grew tired of riding and flounced into a pub garden. If one man could find where this happened, and let the others know, they could take the next bus out to the village in question, and were all set to have their horizons widened. But how could one man manage to go all the way out to Derbyshire, discover where the party had settled, and get the news back? There were no telephones at the pigeon lofts. Or in the houses for that matter.

The answer, my friends, was a pigeon. One man could take the bike and a pigeon basket, cycle the round of pubs the coach parties used and send back the glad tidings

by bird when he found where the women had settled. The watchers by the loft would then set out to seek their fortunes.

Neville had the brain of a pigeon, and this is the only recorded occasion of its producing an idea.

Anyway, imagine our joy when, the following Saturday at half past six in the evening, a pigeon rattled in from a village no more than ten miles distant, and Clifford read from its leg note:

'The Greyhound at Higham. Twenty Stockingers. Come on in, it's lovely. P.S. Don't forget The Equipment.'

The Equipment was a washable condom which looked as if it had once belonged to a puncture repair outfit. It was to share, and was to be issued only on the guarantee that it was genuinely needed, imminently.

We set out at a trot for the Higham bus, resplendent in our open necked white shirts and blue serge jackets. Brylcreem sat in gobs in the furrows of our hair. Golden boys. And though when we took the last bus home the rubber friend was still factory fresh, we had at least made a start. We were marked with lipstick, and Clive was passing round his middle finger for all to sniff. Personally, I couldn't detect anything to be proud over.

Now this may sound unenterprising, but

I have to report that we relied on the pigeon post for three summers of Saturday nights. This was because it worked, as indeed a system pursued relentlessly, year in, year out, might be expected to work. Soon we were meeting in autumn girls we had goosed in the spring, and since with these parties the social niceties had already been observed, we considered it proper to get straight down to the barefaced propositioning. This was in 1957, when I ceased to be a virgin under the following circumstances:

The pigeon had come in late from the Bull and Butcher at Selston, and when we got there Terry was already drunk, and so were most of a party of knitwear girls from Pinxton. I began soft-soaping a brunette with a moustache, but only because she had a chest like pillowcases, and after only one free gift of gin she led me into a field behind the pub yard.

As a matter of fact there was hay in the field, as if laid down for our special convenience. Without going into detail I can say that this woman, who must have been ten years older than me, offered me all I could take at one sitting. But by the time I had located The Equipment and returned to the hayfield kitted for action she had changed her mind, and said she had her self-respect to think of. I knocked her drink over for mad and she was so tickled she lay back and pulled her elastic to one side to let me in, though she wouldn't take off a stitch. That's it.

There were many things to report from these Saturday parties, and many lessons to be learnt. Why, even from my first ducking I learned something. What I learned: girls with moustaches are easier to knock over than pretty girls because they feel you are doing them a favour, no matter how big their tits.

Another thing I learned was that girls in a gang will sometimes do things which they would never dream of doing alone, just in order to impress their friends with their bravery. This I know because one night eight fully-fashioned knitters from Kirkby stood in a cornfield and disrobed together, knicker by knicker, for a dare. Then Terry and Clive and Clifford and Neville and I had to do the same, though this time it was trouser by trouser, and when we were all naturalised we had to chase them through the corn, and if we caught one, well, that was it, whether they had moustaches or not. 'I propose to buy some extra Equipment,' said Clive when we caught the bus for home.

If anybody wants all the details about three years of fucking on information received from pigeons he is expecting too much. The fact, simply stated, was that the system made our little lives rosy, where once they had been drab, and even when we could afford a bike apiece, we preferred to send one man out while the others waited by the loft and watched with anticipation for the last half minute of the pigeon's homeward flight. And now, whenever I see a racer beating over, I think of warm evenings in pub gardens,

*turn to page 66*



*'Take it gently, sire, - remember, Rome wasn't built in a day!'*



# FIRST TIME ON CASSETTE The Perfumed Garden

One of the most erotic and explicit manuals of sexual expertise ever to come from the East has been dramatised on tape cassettes, cartridges and records for a great new offer to *Mayfair* readers

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## Up in the woods with busty Bella

*continued from page 64*

and the five of us settling with the pick of a party of lace girls, slim-waisted, clear-faced, and naughty for the day.

And what about the dog in the story? What of man's second most willing friend? Well, it was a black and tan Jack Russell terrier which ate liquorice chewing wood. I don't suppose it chewed wood normally, but it was the only thing I had to offer it and I wasn't going to let it go by, not even if I'd nothing to give it but cut plug.

It was my turn on the bike, and as I hadn't sighted a bus party by six o'clock I had decided to take a shandy at the next pub I met. I had leaned the bike and basket where I could see them outside a place called the Black Dog, which was a judgment, because just then the Jack Russell strolled in with a very big girl in tow. She looked like an overgrown doll, except that she had these big, well, very big features all over, and I knew Terry and Neville and Clifford and Clive would have done the same, so I said here doggy and forced the chewing wood onto him. Then I said:

'What's a big girl like you doing out on her own?'

And she said, 'I'm not on my own; I'm with you now aren't I?'

Naturally, I nearly fell sick at my luck, and

hustled her to a seat for a gin and It. Especially It. Then, without any sort of lead apart from the fact that she was giving me looks that made me broody, I said why didn't we take doggy nice walkies in the woods, and she said who cares about doggy, let's go it alone.

Now, this sort of thing didn't happen to me every week, and I deeply suspected that somewhere, somehow, I was being sold a pup. So I went to the lavatory to run over the known facts, and all I could bring to book was that here was a striking, big featured baby girl who was asking if I'd like to help myself to what I had spent two years cycling after, and pinning down only with the help of selected and highly trained birdlife. So I was willing to tiptoe a little further to see if somebody really was going to kick in my teeth.

And just as I was calculating and watching two pheasants in the near field, I saw the big girl come to the taproom door and see off the terrier with a shoe up the back legs. It made a sharp start for home, but as soon as she'd gone back inside it dawdled and sniffed up the hedge, so I whistled it in and offered it some more chewing wood, and there in its collar was a note, fastened with garter elastic, which read something like this:

'Dear Mam, I have met a lad what is

buying me drinks and wants me to go with him. We are leaving the Black Dog to go in Stretton Woods, behind the blackberries at the railway end. Come up and you'll not miss us, then he will have to ask me to wed him. Love, Bella.'

And so Bella's unusual proportions were explained, and the capabilities of the dog, as message bearer, were shown to be inferior to those of the pigeon. I was preparing to steal away, and count myself lucky to do so, when I thought of the waste such cowardice involved. My better self, the virgin Me of 1957, called out for Bella not to be passed over.

My duty was clear: to do it because she was there. She was certainly a challenge in bulk-weight terms, and since her heart was plainly set on the event I elected to see it through, though not before I had taken the terrier's note and sent him home speechless.

Later, and in spite of the anxious Bella's pleas that we should carry on for just five more minutes, I regretted that I had to take my leave. However, she perked up when I said that I would send a friend along to carry on the good work, and when I returned to the Black Dog I put up my bird with an entirely novel message:

'Stretton Woods. One customer, at half hour intervals. Beware of the dog.'





# Some breathtaking views to remind you of the beautiful Caribbean.



**The endless silver beaches.**



**The accommodating hotels.**



**The magnificent botanical gardens.**



**The undulating landscape.**

The Caribbean certainly has its attractions.  
And now its most exhilarating sight has been  
brought to England. Where, not only can you look at it,  
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It's called Dry Cane. The world's most beautiful  
white rum.

When mixed with cola, orange juice, Martini or a  
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**Beautiful Dry Cane.**



A black and white photograph of a pair of black high-heeled shoes with a strap and a large buckle, and a pack of John Player Special cigarettes. The shoes and pack are on a floor with a geometric, interlocking tile pattern. The shoes are positioned in the upper half of the frame, and the cigarette pack is in the lower half. The text "Shoes by Yves St. Laurent. Cigarettes by John Player." is centered in the middle of the image.

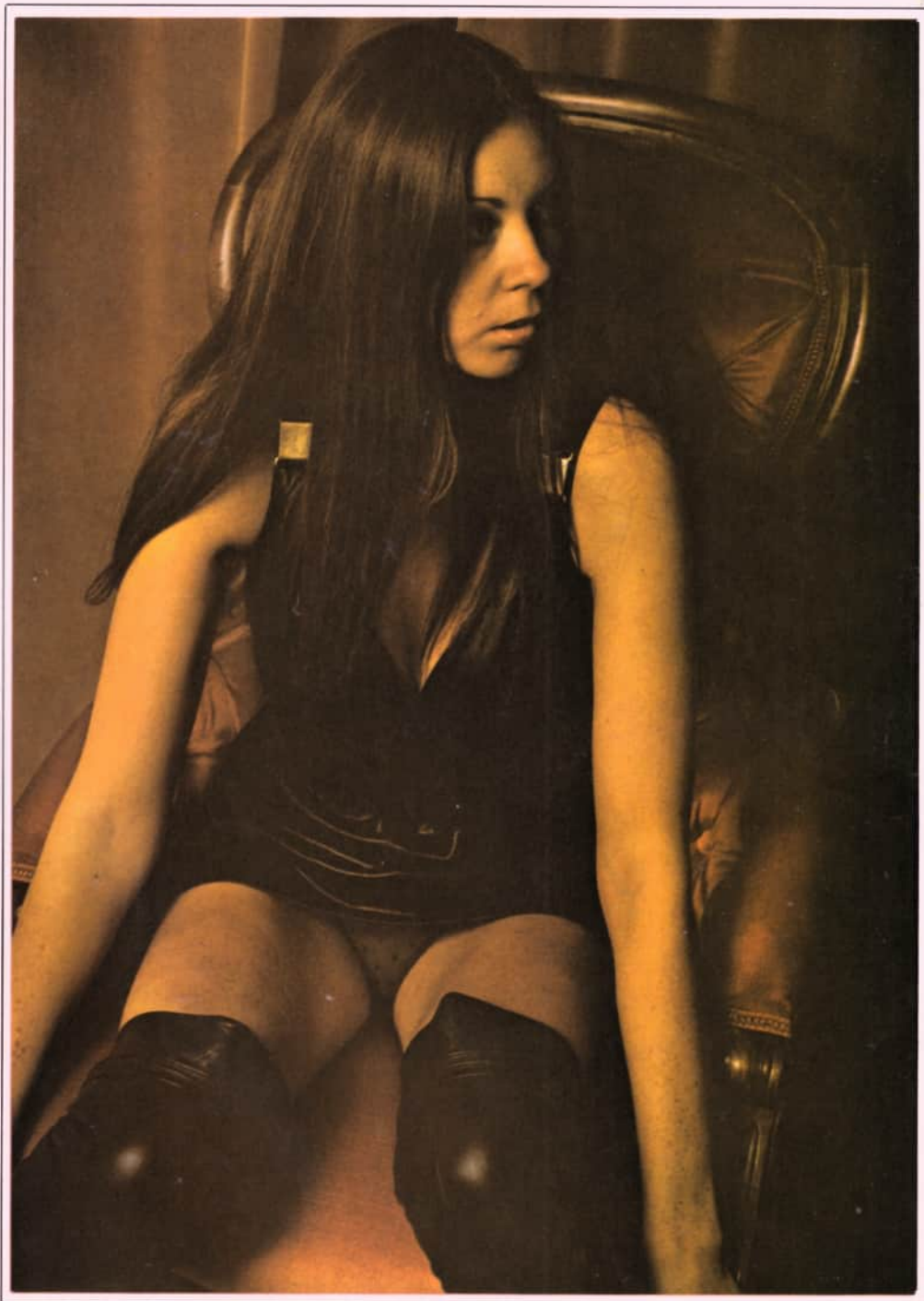
Shoes by Yves St. Laurent. Cigarettes by John Player.



John Player Special  
20 FILTER

John Player Special





# CHRISTINE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JIM BUNKER





Just a 50p bit's throw from the Bank of England in the heart of the City of London, high up in one of the towering office blocks, 23-year-old Christine Oliver gazes from the window next to her secretarial desk at the panorama below. Christine, or Olly as she is known to her friends, is personal assistant to an international lawyer and had just returned from a hectic 48-hour trip to Madrid. 'I'm often dashing off to places at a minute's notice,' she explained, 'but all the travel leaves you a bit washed out, so it usually takes a day or so to get back to normal again. I must admit though, I really enjoy the work and often fly off somewhere on an impulse for a day or two by myself.' 'And is this impulsiveness just confined to travel?' we wondered. Christine laughed. 'I'll say not! How else would I have come to be in *May-fair*?' We smiled at the memory of a phone call from Christine asking to be considered for the magazine and the enthusiasm of photographer Jim Bunker after he had returned from capturing Christine's 5 feet 8 inch 36-24-36 on film. 'I really enjoyed being photographed,' Christine continued, 'after I phoned you, I began



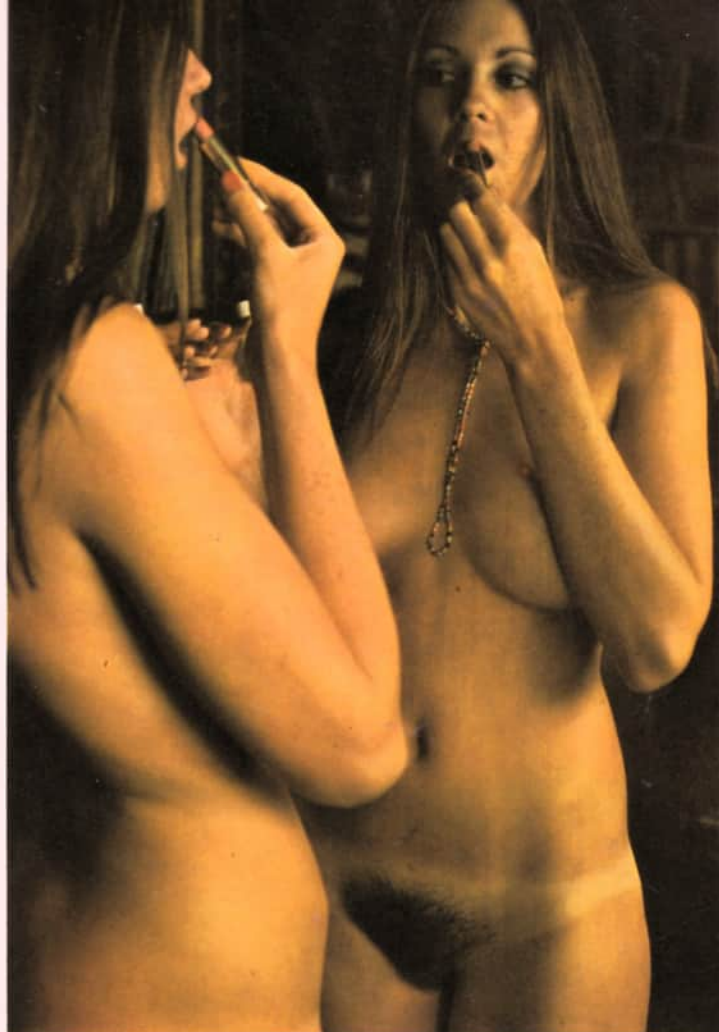












to have second thoughts, but Jim was super to work with and the whole session passed without a hitch.' We wondered how the folks in Brighton, Christine's home town, would react to her appearance in *Mayfair*. 'I'm not worried about them' she replied with a grin, 'but I don't know how my flat-mates will react. I live with three men and three girls in a flat in Fulham and we're all great pals. I'm sure that they'll take the mickey out of me though when they see my pictures.' She pauses, struck with a sudden thought. 'I wonder if people will recognise me when I go out? That would be quite fun, wouldn't it, especially as I'm out nearly every night. I love going to clubs and the theatre—especially the theatre, the atmosphere is absolutely great. I like men with money too. You see, I'm a Taurus, and we like our creature comforts. And,' she adds cheerily, 'we like other things too . . .'





## My country needs ME

*continued from page 36*

India, shared with Kitchener a remarkably early success in his chosen career and, again like Kitchener, was quarrelsome, obstinate and a firm believer in not delegating his authority. Inevitably, the two men clashed – they were too much alike. Kitchener demanded supreme authority in military affairs and Curzon simply refused to let him have it. Their relationship soon deteriorated into something very much like open war with both men seeking allies among the ruling class at home and with Curzon more occupied in trying to govern Kitchener than in governing India. One of them had to go and in the end it was Curzon – Kitchener's name was too big with the British public to be allowed to be humiliated and in any case, although unlike Curzon he was not of patrician stock, he had more influential friends in the right places.

It was Kitchener's last military victory. He stayed on in India for four years, working happily enough with the new Viceroy, Lord Minto, and then came home to a series of disappointments. He had had high hopes of succeeding Minto as Viceroy, but he was passed over despite some solid backing in high places and was offered instead the Mediterranean Command, a sinecure which he – probably rightly – regarded as consignment to oblivion.

However, under pressure, he accepted the post and shortly afterwards he was given an audience by King Edward VII on the occasion of his promotion to the ultimate Army rank – Field-Marshal. According to one of Kitchener's ADC's, the King opened the conversation with the words: 'Ah, Kitchener! I'm sorry you're going to such a rotten billet as the Mediterranean.' 'Thank you, Sir. I only accepted it at Your Majesty's command.'

'It's a damned rotten billet.'

'It is. Have I Your Majesty's permission to refuse it now?'

'Certainly,' said the King, 'I wouldn't go if I were you.'

Highly delighted, Kitchener left the royal presence in such a hurry that he rather carelessly gave offence by leaving behind the Field-Marshal's baton that the King had presented to him.

Passed over for the Viceroyalty of India and refusing the Mediterranean Command, Kitchener had to be content with his next best choice, Egypt. Sir Evelyn Baring (Lord Cromer) had vacated the post in 1907 and his successor, Sir Eldon Gorst, was dying of cancer; Kitchener was given the job in July, 1911 while supervising the military arrangements for the coronation of King George V.

For four years Kitchener ruled Egypt and by all accounts did it well. He had immense prestige among the peoples of the Nile Delta and his strong, rather bleak personality was stamped indelibly on the country. As usual he was not without enemies and he quarrelled irrevocably with the Khedive, Abbas Hilmi II, who was the nominal ruler of the country.

74 In April, 1913 he was the subject of an

assassination attempt when a half-crazed nationalist broke through the crowds in the yard of Cairo railway station and pointed a gun at him. Kitchener, quite unmoved, walked towards the man and asked him what he wanted. The would-be assassin was so unnerved by the Consul General's imperturbable bearing that he threw his gun away and sank to his knees in fright – to be instantly sabred by bodyguards.

In the early summer of 1914 Kitchener went home to England for leave and was never to return to Egypt. He was still hoping for the Viceroyalty of India, but that particular ambition was not to be realised. Instead, perhaps as a kind of consolation prize, he was given an earldom 'for services to the Empire.' Greatly pleased, Kitchener adopted the title, Earl Kitchener of Khartoum. Next day the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria-Hungary was assassinated at Sarajevo and the stage was set for the gigantic upheaval that threw Europe into chaos and Kitchener into high office for which he was almost totally unsuited.

All through his later career, Kitchener had been resolutely fending off invitations to take high command in the War Office. He saw quite rightly that his almost mythical prestige with the British public had been created by casting a long and highly romantic shadow in exotic places like the Sudan, South Africa and India. Service in Whitehall would project an image of a very different kind and, in any case, as a professional soldier he always found himself ill at ease when dealing with politicians.

Thus in early August, 1914 he motored to Dover and boarded the Channel packet, determined to get back to Cairo at the earliest possible moment. The boat train from London was late and, in his haste to get away, Kitchener actually asked the ship's captain to sail without waiting for it. It was while the captain was considering this startling request that a telephone message arrived from Asquith, the Prime Minister, asking Kitchener to return to



*Kitchener wending his way through Europe in the role of the grim reaper as seen through the eyes of Kriegsnummern des Simplicissimus in the summer of 1915*

London at once – he had left it just a bit too late.

On August 5, the day after the outbreak of war, Kitchener, with extreme reluctance, entered the Cabinet as Secretary of State for War, the first professional soldier to do so since the Duke of Albemarle in 1660. He was now, indeed, the War Lord.

Asquith, too, had been rather hesitant to embark upon this 'hazardous experiment', as he called it, but the British public and, more important, the Northcliffe press, had been clamouring for Kitchener's appointment to the War Office; and then again there was the almost hypnotic power which his name evoked – something which the Liberal Government of the day could turn to good use. When the news was released there was a thunderous outburst of popular approval – the enthusiasm, however, did not filter through to all levels of society and in the Cabinet and in the topmost echelons of the military hierarchy there were some raised eyebrows. To begin with, nevertheless, Kitchener threw himself into the new job with a dedicated energy that soon had War Office personnel hurtling along the corridors with coat-tails flying. At one of his earliest Cabinet Meetings he brusquely informed his colleagues – Asquith, Lloyd George and Winston Churchill among them – that he was envisaging a war of at least three years duration and that he proposed to get another million men into uniform without delay, a statement completely at variance with contemporary political thinking which left the distinguished politicians dumbfounded but acquiescent.

The armies were raised – the Kitchener Armies as they were called – and two and a half million men responded without conscription to the exhortation in the vibrant poster depicting the legendary hero of Omdurman with hooded eye, drooping moustache and accusatory finger superimposed over the simple legend, 'Your Country Needs YOU.'

But Kitchener had assumed a crushing burden and, as ever, he obstinately refused to delegate any of his vast powers. As a result his handling of the war at strategic level soon came in for severe criticism amongst his colleagues in the Cabinet and the War Council. If he was, as many people thought him, a kind of demi-god, then this was the hour of his Gotterdammerung.

Characteristically, he had to quarrel with somebody and the prime candidate on this occasion was Field-Marshal Sir John French, Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force in France. Correspondence between the two reached a high level of acrimony and at one point Kitchener was actually negotiating secretly with Haig – eventually to become French's successor – behind Sir John's back.

But it was in the affair of the Gallipoli landings that Kitchener's reputation suffered most heavily. He cannot be saddled with the responsibility for going into the Dardanelles which was originally Churchill's idea and conceived as a purely

turn to page 99





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Mayfair - Vol. 9 No. 7, July 1974



You're on dangerous ground when the chat turns to her chest. She thinks it's too small, too big or not nice to flash about. Mike George commiserates

## It's so easy to trip down mammary lane

Breasts, boobs, call them what you will – most girls either side of the Amazon have a set. But unless they (as these pages so clearly indicate many to be) are absolutely, breathtakingly, eyestoppingly gorgeous they can be the most uncomfortable and embarrassing of feminine attributes.

Girls with big boobs, firm, succulent, thrusting, boingy and everything a boob should be, invariably bemoan their God-given lot and crave the acorn chested attributes of their more slender sisters who, in turn, wish *they* had 'bigger boobs.'

Diaphanously clad in silver see-through lurex (or whatever), the sylph-like, sun-bronzed Sonia languorously raises an arm to depress a light switch (or scratch the wall) and in doing so catches your downcast gaze which has just glanced boobwise. Oh luckless lass! How can a steaming male retain his libido confronted with two half empty little bags! With hair on?

'Oh, shit,' snarls Sonia with an on-rushing tear as she pummels her heels agitated into the bedspread. 'Look at me. 31-30-31. Turn me sideways and I'm gone. Turn me over and you wouldn't notice the difference. Will you just *look* at these?'

'What?' you tactlessly enquire.

'Exactly', she replies. Hurt. Then with a grimace and a brave attempt to uplift what isn't – 'How could I ever cradle a man's head against *this* lot? He'd bang his ear on my rib cage and think he'd landed an hermaphrodite, or something. It's frantic, I tell you. How could I ever suckle a babe –? Poor little sod'd wither from malnutrition in the first hour if he didn't snuff it in the search meanwhile. Oh, for some silicone inserts . . .'

And on through life she'll sadly wend her way so conscious of her meat sparsity that she is unaware and would disbelieve anyway that admiring male glances were appreciating enormously her graceful carriage, the elegance of her neck and throat, the trimness of her waist, the taut flatness of her plank-like belly, the gently enticing smooth abrasion between her buttocks, the gorgeous skin, her green almond eyes and

her indolently cascading golden tresses. So – enter bouncing Bertha of the 42B. Assuming you're a tit man you dribble as she grabs your grips and woffles your head succulently full face between the perfumed cleavage designed by God for those in his image to slip messages down, fivers, indecent suggestions or fists – and then, as an encore, she plugs one bursting nipple into each ear. (Yours. Not hers).

She jostles deliciously as you bounce her up and down and when the sweat starts to splash between you she'll *schlipp schlapp schlopp* 'til the cows come home and if *they* joined in as well you probably wouldn't notice. And there's the rub. Which is as good a place as any (for a rub, that is) because when Bertha tries to wrap her ample limbs around you you will probably find that she can't and in your moment of crucial need you'll wish it was the supple, sylph-like Sonia encapsulating you with her scissors, instead. That's half the trouble in this game. You can't have it all ways. Not at the same time, anyway. (It's dangerous).

On completion of ones' introductory phases on Boobology, one's appreciation of things beautiful – and one's salacious appetite – will invariably then commence the quest for the elusive nipple. Nipples? Elusive? How so?

Read this and I'll tell you.

' . . . Samantha's rose-red (coffee-coloured, purple, green, yellow or sky blue pink) nipple leapt to erection like a bursting cherry. An electrically charged all-flashing throb permeated her aureola as Reginald tweaked the pebble hard protuberances 'twixt salivered thumb and forefinger . . .', or something like that, anyway. I am quite sure you've read the sort of thing before.

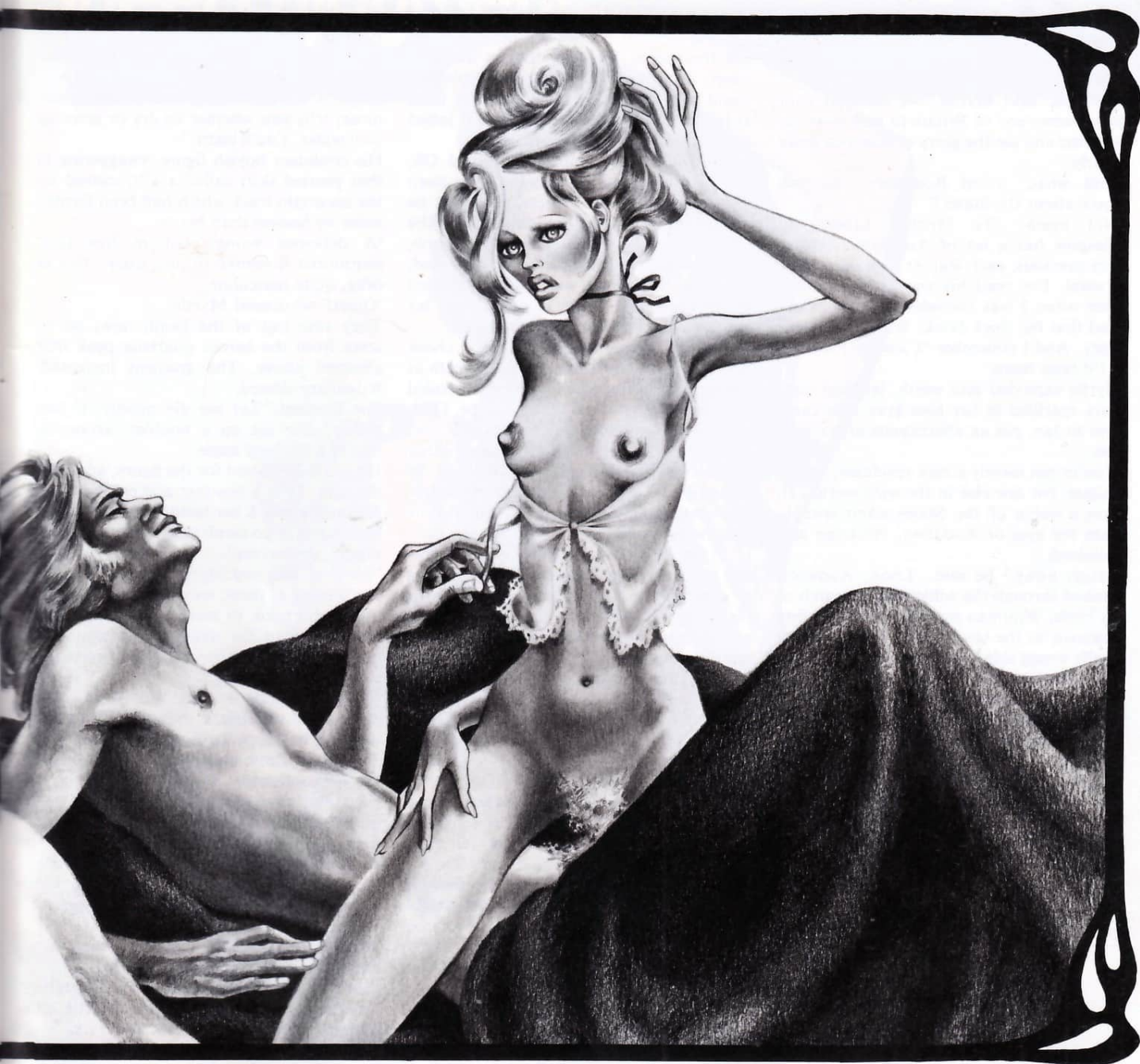
Well – I don't know about you – but with me it never happens. Oh, I'm not complaining. They're all nice. But none of them has ever struck me as being the all-singing, all-dancing little tearaways they're cracked up to be. A brace of nipples breaking into a red hot rhythm number atop Big Mama's breastworks is, so far, at



least, beyond my ken. The one or two (would you believe) that I have sampled have been like varying hues of sucked out jelly baby. Hope springs eternal, however. Whether they be drooping like spaniels' ears, thrusting like young melons or 'watch this space for future developments' with breadcrumbs on – whether their owners be 15 or 50, we now come to the burning question of the day . . . to bare – or not to bare?

Some birds flash their tits at the drop of a bra. I'll say that again. Some birds drop their tits at the flash of a hint. Others don't. Why? We all know 'nice' girls who do and scrubbers who never would. The Colonel's Lady and Kipling's O'Grady woman . . . Came the era of topless and through the consternation and conflict some birds leapt to the forefront to stride barefaced along the High Street to the local nighterie, or breadshop or wherever . . . but most –





didn't. It was the same with see-through. And although many of them go braless as a matter of course today, there are still millions who don't. Why? *I don't know. I wonder if they themselves do?*

Hang ups and inhibitions apart, I suppose the answer is that it's okay at St Trop because you'd be the odd one out if you didn't. It's alright to wear a daring braless plunge to an intimate cocktail gathering but not to the vicarage tea party. (And how many of those have you been to recently?) In the final analysis it is all a matter of taste. So, at the poolside in scorching July when three of the girls give their breasts an airing – why won't the fourth? Quite possible the first was a brazen hussy anyway, the second was easy going so followed suit – and knowing that the fourth definitely wouldn't encourage the third to do it, who in the process surprised herself by just how good and nice and natural it

feels to bob about untrammelled in the breeze.

There are those, of course, who will say a girl who does that will do anything, and not mean it as a compliment. But is there any reason why when dispensing with her top on a hot day the dear lass's entire moral outlook and future happiness should be questioned? There is no evidence to suggest that big busted nudes take more pot or kick old ladies across the street any more than other sectors of society. Having said that I suppose I might change my tune if I found Cynthia straddling a breakwater in Bournemouth baring her all to a smoothly ogling gang of operators like me – if I wasn't there at the time, that is. But then that's life, man!

Which brings us to the centre pages of *Mayfair*, and others in the genre. The financial considerations apart – why do they do it? And those who are equally

beauteously endowed and don't – why not? The stock answer to the former is that 'there's nothing wrong with it', while the latter's reply is that they 'never ever would'. Wouldn't they? I wonder?

Maybe one of our erudite lady readers would care to submit a treatise on the feminine psychology behind the pastime. Perhaps they may even like to illustrate their points!

So – as far as the chaps are concerned what is the answer?

In my book it is a gorgeous, green eyed blonde with a suntanned bizarre 42-20-31 who will have no compunction in unashamedly baring her all anyplace, anyhow, anywhere if she feels that's what I want her to do at the time . . . but wouldn't otherwise.

But there aren't too many of those around, unfortunately. And even if there were Cynthia wouldn't let me have one. ☞



## The kilt is my delight

*continued from page 15*

wonderful enough for you to spend several lifetimes trying to understand it?

'Perhaps,' said Myrtle, 'we came to your little barren end of Britain to look over the Atlantic and see the glory of America more clearly.'

'And what,' asked Rosemary, 'do you know about the States?'

'Not much. The Mitchell Library in Glasgow has a set of Audubon's books, very precious, each feather worked on like a jewel. I've read his travels, too. Then, once when I was convalescing from 'flu I read that big thick book, Walt Whitman's diary. And I remember "Cannery Row" as if I'd been there.'

Myrtle exploded into mirth, laughed until tears sparkled in her blue eyes. She came over to Ian, put an affectionate arm round him.

'You're not merely a rare specimen, you're unique. No one else in the wide world can have a vision of the States taken entirely from the eyes of Audubon, Whitman and Steinbeck.'

'Laugh away,' he said. 'Look, Audubon crashed through the wilderness in search of his birds, Whitman marched with doughty Sherman to the sea - sorry, did he march on the wrong side? - and I'm sure Steinbeck must have paddled through the rock-pools where Doc found his zoological bits and pieces, and he knew the pro—'

'... Prostitutes of Cannery Row,' put in Myrtle.

'Right. Anyway, they all got out of doors and participated in America, walked all over it, handled it, fondled it. They didn't stay inside motor cars. So you, Miss Myrtle and Miss Rosemary, will to-morrow walk over heath and hill. You'll get to know Scotland, even if it's the hard way.'

That night he awoke in the brief darkness

of northern summer. Two o'clock. Stiff as a poker. Damn! No self-sex here, it might soil the sheets. He rose, took a drink of water, dropped pyjama trousers, splashed liquid iciness on hot genitals, but as soon as he drew up the pyjamas the penis jutted out as if carved from basalt.

Like the needle of compass, it pointed. Oh, no! Two innocent American dames sleep thataway. Like a professional cat he opened his bedroom door, glided down the passage. Hands, come off that door-knob, there are less dangerous knobs! Well-oiled, it turned, he pushed, was in. Eyes attuned to darkness saw vague shapes, they lay twinned, Myrtle's hair identifying her.

He bent down, kissed Myrtle's cheek gently, felt the warm surge of her breath as she sighed in sleep. She moved. He recoiled into deeper shadow of the wardrobe. God, what if she screamed, thinking him thief or rapist... Too much light now, either moon or first of morning. Cautiously he inched away, regained the door, closed it. Not until he regained his room did he breathe properly.

In Praise of Older Women. Hadn't someone written a book on that? They, or some of them, must have a magic that makes them not mere breasts and buttocks but entireties of love. Gradually his penis relaxed, and he said to himself: Go to sleep, it'll be a long day to-morrow.

Myrtle looked at him quizzically, Rosemary laughingly, as they sat at breakfast.

'Attack on Liathach,' he said. 'Up the glen, a fine river-walk, then climb. We'll take a packed lunch.'

Before the day heated up he led them out of the trees, along the dazzling stream and on to the heathery bog where red deer roamed.

'That,' said Rosemary, 'puts the fear of God into me. I mean all that black stuff.'

'Peat. Not to worry. Its antiseptic. Fall into

it and you're better preserved than a Pharaoh in a pyramid. Come on, I'd take your hands but we'd better go in single file. Aside now, that shiny piece would sink you. Look at the different greens of sphagnum moss; tells you whether its dry or growing over water. You'll learn.'

His confident boyish figure, swaggering in that pleated skirt called a kilt, moved up the uncertain track which had been formed more by hooves than boots.

'A delicious swingy bottom has Ian,' murmured Rosemary to her sister. 'Not in drag, quite masculine.'

'Quiet!' whispered Myrtle.

They rose out of the heath now, on to scree from the barren quartzite peak that gleamed above. The gradient increased. Rosemary slowed.

She moaned. 'Let me die quietly, if you please.' She sat on a boulder, arranging legs at a fetching angle.

Ian grinned. 'Good for the figure, good for the soul. Take a breather and come on.'

Rosemary shook her head. 'No more. You two maniacs go climb that hunk of mountain by yourselves.'

'We will,' snapped Myrtle.

Ian looked at them, worried. 'Not according to the book to leave you alone on a mountain, but the weather is steady. It'll take us about an hour-and-a-half to reach the top and get back.'

'I'll wait,' said Rosemary. 'Leave me a few sandwiches and a flask, even though it's not wine I'll be happy as Omar Khayyam.'

The rate of climb increased as they went up the rock-scramble. They gained the ridge, long and almost level. They walked exhilarated, out on an oxygen jag now that lungs did not labour.

A fantasy of peaks and lochs shone around them when they stood on the summit. The entire wide landscape of Wester Ross existed for them alone.

'Watch it, Myrtle,' he said, holding her hand. 'Don't skid off into space.'

Her sunbright face turned laughingly. 'Thanks for dropping the Miss Myrtle bit that made me feel like a Victorian maiden aunt. But we have mountains in my country too, and I've climbed on the Alleghanies, the Rockies, and I'm not afraid of your wee Liathach. Race you back down the ridge!'

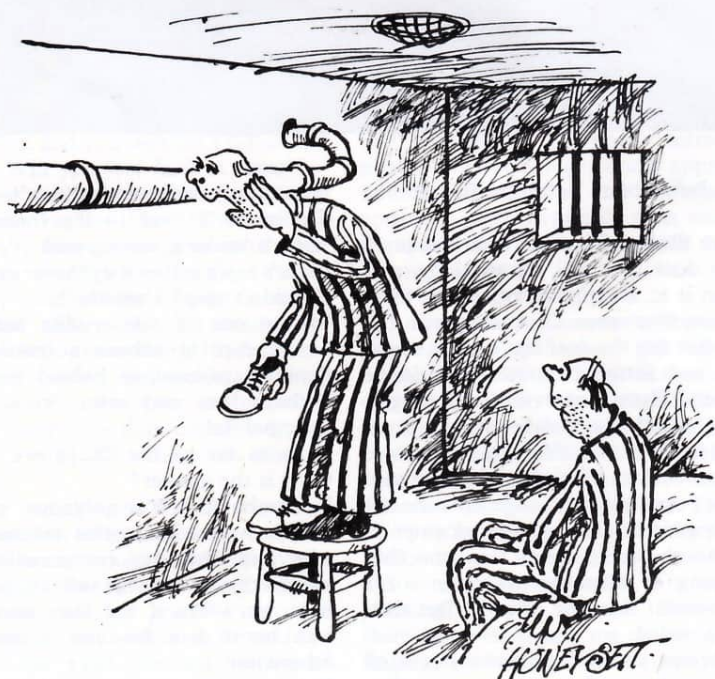
He flushed.

She laughed again, turned and ran. He caught her within 50 paces, as she climbed out of a small hollow gouged in the level line. She fended him off, he caught her waist. Suddenly they were lying on the disintegrated silica that passed for soil. Cushion saxifrage softened it a little.

She giggled. 'You sexy boy, you haven't pants under your kilt.'

Her hands explored. 'My Newfoundland of firm contours, silky short grassland, then this immense pinnacle. You wicked, desirable boy. There, I'm going to lift this damn thing up, just as you men do with us women. I want to see, feel, kiss you. All sorts of bits of you. Ever been kissed on the thighs, the bottom, the tip of your penis. That's about to happen. But for now give

*turn to page 80*



*'The line's engaged. We'll try again later.'*



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## The kilt is my delight

continued from page 78

your word-darling lips to me. Mmm-mm...' A full minute went by before they surfaced for breath. Now his hands demanded, and thankfully he found she did not wear those disgustingly frustrating garments, pantie-hose. She had no hose whatever; bare thighs extended to minimum briefs, and her dress unbuttoned at the front. She lay beautifully, almost deliberately, accessible, as he opened the dress. Firm small breasts without bra.

He put a hand on each, watched in wonder as nipples firmed, extended like red flower-buds. She reached up her arms, drew down his head for lingering kisses that he would not himself have dared to take. Then she arched her back. He understood, and slowly, reverently, unveiled golden pubic hair.

'Now?' she said, smiling tenderly out of her nakedness.

He nodded. 'Yes, but I've never been all the way before.'

'A virgin?'

'Almost.'

High-school girls fumbled in dark streets, squealing even if he entered the vestibule. This was different.

'Gently, gently,' she whispered. 'No man should take a woman, my love. I come to join you. That's it, caress me, come to me now. You don't mind me guiding, do you, my young love? Oh God, my body screams for the firstness and freshness and vigour of you. Heavens, you're a big boy, you're big!'

Smoothly, throbblingly, he entered her. Together they held the festival of the body. Within a minute she clenched fingers into him and keened like a banshee. He halted, almost withdrew.

'Women do that, my innocent love, didn't you know?' She was laughing up at him.

Farther he thrust, delighting in the firm pressure of the *mons* against him. He vibrated like strings of a 'cello. Pulses of loving were not merely central now, they trilled around all his nerve-centres. She danced on the peak of human experience again, held him fiercely, crushed him into her, and this time he met the demand. He still panted with effort and joy when they uncoupled, brought out his penis from her tight vagina loudly plopping, then he laughed and said she was his bottle of champagne - no, the wine of heaven. Then quietly, kindly, he kissed her.

Her eyes moistened. 'I am persuaded that you do not regard me as some senior, free-loading prostitute.'

'Don't say such things.' She was turned away, mopping up with a tissue. He smacked the exposed buttocks.

'Last night,' he went on, 'I wanted you so much I came into your bedroom.'

'I know. I wasn't asleep. Your penis stuck up like a tentpole. I almost siezed you and had you right there, with sleeping-pill sister beside me. I was afraid of breaking some English law, such as raping a minor . . . Now stop that Ian. You wicked boy, I'm not going to have a mountain pushed into my spine again. There now, I've my panties on again, buttoned . . . All right, you weren't breast fed and you're starving for it. Quick kiss on each and let's away.' 'Enjoy yourselves?' asked Rosemary as they slithered down. 'Forty-five minutes overdue. Must have been a wonderful view from the top.'

So Rosemary suspected, Rosemary who creaked and groaned in every joint all the way back to the hotel.

'You've crippled me for life, Ian,' she said, tottering upstairs with him after dinner. 'I don't think I can reach my bedroom. This is yours here, isn't it? Let me flop down here.' She kicked off shoes, tumbled face

down on the bed, and sighed softly. It was the first time he had looked closely at Rosemary, looked to see what was there. Feminine, soft, pliable. He reached out his hand, pressed it into yielding womanflesh of an exposed thigh.

'Lovely,' she said, her voice vibrating. 'Go on, massage the weariness out of my legs. I'm not a shy maiden. You wish to be a doctor, Ian, don't you? Let me help you rid yourself of some inhibitions, as I would take and put away your coat if you visited me.'

She drew up her dress. One thing the sisters had in common, scanty panties and legs to go with them.

She turned her head, laughing at him. 'Yesterday, when we stopped for you, my hand did not touch you accidentally. You are a fine male creature. I passionately wanted to touch you. You think I'm some sort of sex-freak?'

He considered. 'No, just lonely, perhaps.'

'A lonely, drear year it's been since my divorce went through. I'd even come to think a brutal, alcoholic husband must be better than no man at all. Don't you ever believe that widowed and divorced women don't suffer from physical longings. With Myrtle it was greed, necessity with me. You find my troubles off-putting, Ian?'

'No.' To prove the point, he sat by the bedside, pulled down her panties.

'Good. Good for you. It's lovely to feel cool air blowing over my bottom. But please lock the door, and if you have any kindness in your soul undress, and I'll do the same.' Breasts slightly more relaxed than Myrtle's. Tummy larger diameter, but fetchingly womanly.

'Goodness,' she said exasperatedly. 'Take off your clothes. It's indecent to have you dressed after I've stripped. You make me feel like a burlesque show.'

'Burlesque?'

'Strip-tease or nudy show to you. Don't let's quibble about transatlantic differences, let me unpin your kilt. There, that's better. And this shirt. Off! And shoes, socks. Pleased to meet you, Ian. You are a fine upstanding young man. Why blush? If Myrtle could strip you atop of a mountain, what's blushful about doing it here?'

'How do you know?'

'She told me. Gave a blow-by-blow account.' Rosemary looked at him fondly. 'She had to tell me, because unless we share you it becomes an impossible threesome. I see you have no objections to being shared. At least your penis hasn't.'

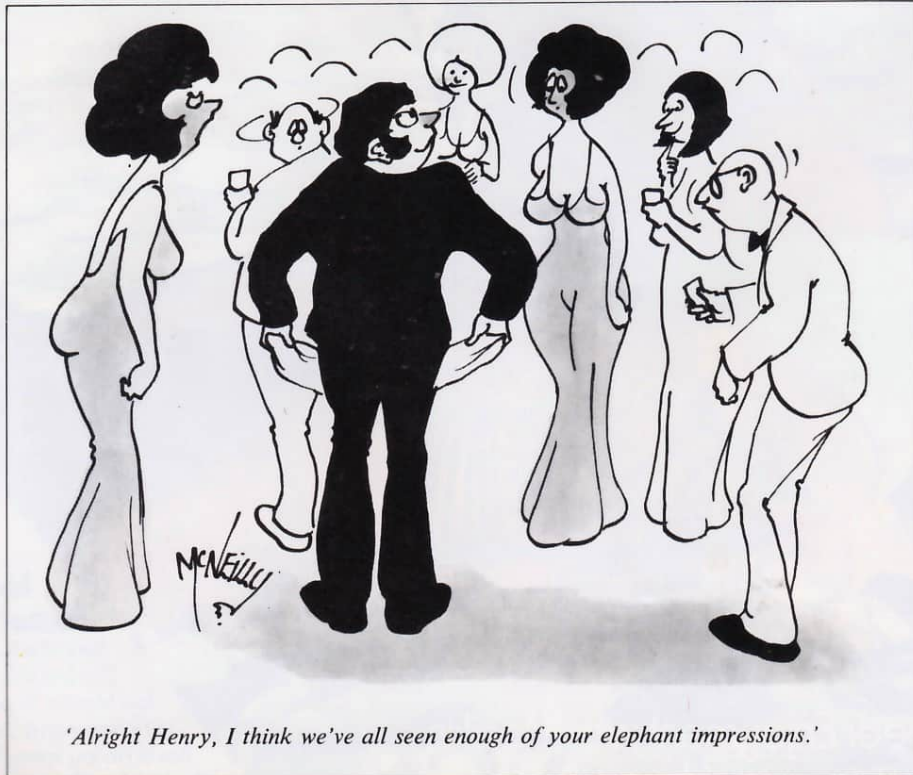
Her sexual versatility exceeded that of Myrtle. She performed wonders when they were united, for the sphincters of her vagina were controlled.

When she released the well-oiled springs of her tender trap, they lay relaxed. Rosemary blew smoke-rings to the ceiling, reminisced on how she had studied sex in the long losing battle to lure her husband away from the bottle.

'But I failed.'

He knew not what to say, then remembered Myrtle's speech on action instead of words. He caressed Rosemary until she flung

turn to page 100



'Alright Henry, I think we've all seen enough of your elephant impressions.'



# ETERNAL ORACLES

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb: No. 3

Take off those teasing clothes and stop swinging it all as you walk. The clinging stuff is like strip-tease: now you see it, now you don't. If you find that all good clean fun I may be able to avoid exhibiting what I have too, equally obviously, through all my clothes.

*original by Marcus Argentarius  
(An elegant and varied  
epigrammist, he lived between  
the 1st Century BC and the 1st Century  
AD. Although his name is Latin,  
he appears to have been of  
Greek origin.)*





**j'achète des Gauloises  
tu n'achètes pas de Gauloises  
ils n'achète pas de Gauloises  
nous fumons des Gauloises  
vous n'achetez pas de Gauloises  
ce sont mes Gauloises**



Smoked by the many-  
bought by the few  
33½p for 20

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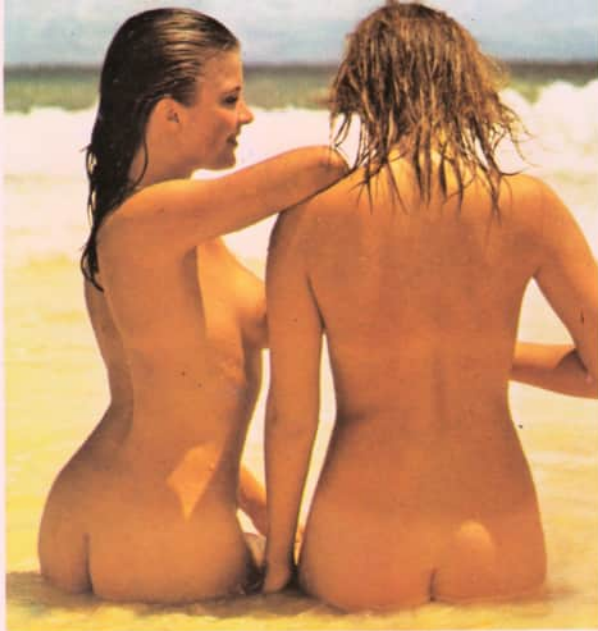
EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING



*The Rompers  
of the Sea*







Success comes very easily to the girls who appear in *Mayfair* magazine. Not only does exposure between our pages mean a lot of extra cash for the girl who wants to show what she's proud of – but there can be exposure of a different kind too. Take two delightful dollies who scored large personal successes in recent issues of the magazine: 19-year-old auburn-haired Inga Britt and 24-year-old blonde Olivia Paddon. Until spotted by our photographers – Olivia en route between home and a high-powered secretarial job in Manchester, and Inga au-pairing in style in the Bahamas – both girls had regarded sensational good looks and alluring sexuality











as a purely private perk. Not so after their *Mayfair* appearances. Each has left her previous job for the world of modelling – and a wide world it is too. With mounting modelling and photographic commitments throughout Europe, it took all our persuasion to coax them back for a second peeling. That and 15 sun-sweetened days on the Mediterranean coast. Meeting in London both girls hit it off at once. 'Libra and Gemini,' giggled 38–23–36 Inga, 'both air signs, you see. It means we're both bright and breezy.' 'We pursue the men,' said 35–23–35 Olivia darkly. 'Not a handsome man is safe within 50 feet.' 'Actually,' chimes in Inga, 'it works out very well. I'm quite a physical person. I like to see a man's a man. Livy prefers the thoughtful type.' 'Thinking evil rapacious thoughts,' Olivia grinned 'We're terribly bold together. We've been going right up to men and chatting away at once. Don't you think we're terrible?' A little girl pout. Ladies we think you're superb.





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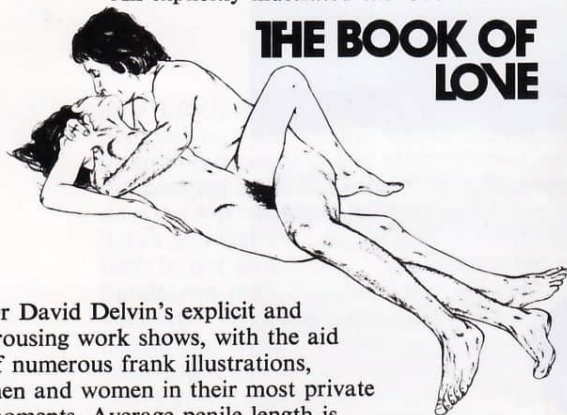
This book smashes through the lingering barriers of sexual ignorance and superstition like no other book before it. In detailed full page photographs a young man and a beautiful girl demonstrate 42 separate lovemaking positions. In the text, Mogens Toft discusses ways of positioning and moving the body to regulate orgasmic pleasure. The pictures show how the girl manipulates her own or her partner's erotogenic zones simultaneously with intercourse to induce heightened sensations. They show how parts of the body can be fondled and caressed during intercourse and how thrusting movements of the legs, thighs and the body can increase satisfaction; how the woman can caress the man when he takes her from behind and how she can use her thighs to squeeze and stimulate his organs. Here are displayed a whole range of positions for lovemaking together with detailed descriptions and diagrams showing how the different positions affect the contact of the organs of man and woman. The reader can study them in depth and emulate them in his or her search for complete sexual fulfilment.

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# QUEST

## The laboratory of human response Volume Six

Continuing the survey which has already examined in depth relationships between aunts and nephews and uncles and nieces, Quest this month focusses its attention on liaisons that may arise between step-fathers and stepdaughters. The interviewees formed a relationship with a close male friend of their mothers' living in the same house, perhaps to some

degree regarding this male friend as a form of surrogate father, although in no case was there any relationship in the sense of direct blood ties between the interviewee and the male. In getting girls to discuss this intriguing and fascinating facet of sexual relationships, we explored the girl's motivation. Was she rivalling her mother? Or just seeking affection?





## INTRODUCTION

A number of girls first approached to talk about their relationships with their stepfathers were very apprehensive, frequently refusing point blank to say anything at all. In a majority of cases where an interview was possible, sexual contact had ended short of actual penetration, one or other of the parties breaking off before this was achieved.

With the second interviewee, as in most cases where sexual intercourse happened, we found it in a working class context where the family were thrown closely together, where there was a lack of privacy and in cases where the mother of the girl was more likely to be living with a man outside marriage with her daughter, than to have married again.

It is interesting to note that in both interviews one and two, the girl had been deprived of either affection or close contact with either parents especially the mother. In the first interview this had made the girl search for it sexually from older men.

## INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

**One Personal Secretary, 25 years old, blonde, town of origin Taunton**

*This interviewee, a polished and intelligent girl, came from an upper middle class family background. She had lost her father at an early age and her widowed mother had remarried when the interviewee was fifteen. She had left school at seventeen and taken a secretarial course. At the time of the interview she was personal secretary to a director of an insurance company. She shared a flat with two other girls.*

**Quest:** There was a sexual attraction between your stepfather and yourself from early on?

**Secretary:** Goodness, no, there certainly wasn't.

**Quest:** But you did have sexual contact with him.

**Secretary:** There was a purely isolated instance. It didn't happen again.

**Quest:** That is what I'd like you to talk about.

**Secretary:** I haven't even told Mother about Bob. I wouldn't dare.

**Quest:** Bob is your stepfather?

**Secretary:** Yes. Fifteen is rather late to start calling anyone, Father. Or was it sixteen? No, I think it was fifteen. I was still in the Guides so it must have been fifteen. So I called him Robert. I wasn't sure what to call him at first. Then he asked me to call him Bob which was fairly odd at first because he was at least forty and it took a while to become used to calling adults by their Christian names, or even nicknames. I'd never called Mother by her first name. I became used to it in the end though, calling him Bob.

**Quest:** He was fairly easy-going?

**Secretary:** Hmm, great fun. Yes, I suppose he was, compared to Mother. He was more like a fun uncle than a father, but then he was neither, he was nothing to do with me was he? He wasn't related in any way. He was supposedly Mother's lover.

**Quest:** Did that shock or upset you?

**Secretary:** How?

**Quest:** Perhaps you felt jealousy that he had taken your mother's affections away from you?

**Secretary:** No. Why should I? I never seemed to be terribly close to Mother and I don't really remember Father. Mother packed me off to private school three times a year and I suppose I learned to fend for myself. When I was home we had a big rambling house and I had my own room and Mother never really intruded on me. I suppose I was an early developer. I remember being terribly independent at fifteen, slightly precocious perhaps, but I'd certainly had boys up in my room by then.

**Quest:** You'd had sex with them?

**Secretary:** Hardly anything as vulgar as that. Sometimes I wonder why males delight in such horrid little words; cock and prick and fuck and those words, so ugly and so cold and harsh I think. Bum is quite nice - I think it's soft and round in a funny way, the word itself I'm talking about. Sex is harsh too. I'm going to sex you. It sounds like neutering a cat.

**Quest:** So what would you call it?

**Secretary:** Affection, mutual adoration, even love, possibly, if that isn't too strong for you.

**Quest:** And where do you place physical lust?

**Secretary:** I think lust is a terribly selfish emotion, nothing more than self-gratification.

**Quest:** You didn't feel anything like that for the boys you took up to your room when you were fifteen?

**Secretary:** I suppose they thought of me that way but I didn't let them go the whole hog you realise. We fondled and stroked each other perhaps but nothing more. It was all done in semi-innocence.

**Quest:** You weren't a virgin at this time?

**Secretary:** I suppose not. I was one of those precocious little girls who wanted to master horses.

**Quest:** How old were you when you had the affair with your stepfather?

**Secretary:** I've told you, it wasn't an

affair. It was only an isolated incident.

**Quest:** But you'd had sex with other men by that time?

**Secretary:** Heavens, yes.

**Quest:** With several men or a regular boyfriend?

**Secretary:** I don't see that it really matters: several men. I think I was eighteen or nineteen when it happened with Bob but it wasn't because of a sexual attraction between us, not on my side anyway.

**Quest:** Can you tell us then how it did happen?

**Secretary:** We had a holiday cottage on the coast close to Ilfracombe. I was living there that summer with a girlfriend. I'd spent a fair amount of time there in the summers when I was still at school, either with Mother and Bob or with friends from school. It was a quite fabulous place. The house was almost on the beach in a small cove where there were half a dozen other cottages. We never locked the door and people were always dropping in. Sometimes I spent weeks on end in my bikini without ever wearing anything else.

**Quest:** It was at the cottage that you had sex with your stepfather?

**Secretary:** There you go again. It's a brutal little word. It was warmth and affection when we slept together. I must admit for his age Bob had a good body though I don't think that had any effect in itself on any desire I had. Perhaps it made it more acceptable. I suppose I do have a preference for older men but only because they're very much more mature. They're not necessarily terrific in bed but they are more affectionate and less lustful and much less demanding. I think they're more appreciative of one's body. They don't take so much for granted and they pay attention to the small things and that's important.

**Quest:** You mean they can arouse you more expertly?

**Secretary:** I think it's a case of maturity and experience. A more mature man must have a great deal more experience of exactly what women enjoy than a young man.

**Quest:** But you did emphasise that your stepfather had an attractive body. Is that important?

**Secretary:** Naturally.

**Quest:** Do you ever take the lead in sexual relationships?

**Secretary:** If you mean do I go out on the prowl, I certainly don't. Older men are so confident. I hate men who haven't the confidence to ask for what they want. I don't think I would ever make advances to a man because I'd feel I hadn't any control over the situation. Frankly I wouldn't take the lead in a sexual situation - in bed - because I find it more enjoyable to be dominated. I don't like to be physically worshipped so much - well, perhaps I do. Perhaps I am very aware of having my body pampered, but really I like to be taken rather than take. It's not laziness, it's giving. I think that's why Bob and I didn't make love completely. He didn't really have the nerve or the confidence to make love to his wife's daughter, no matter how



much he wanted to. I think what happened was enough for him.

**Quest:** Your mother and stepfather were staying at the cottage also?

**Secretary:** They weren't actually. After I qualified, I started working as a temporary secretary through an agency in Bristol because when one hasn't had a terrific amount of experience, it's easier and better paid. Because I was a temporary I could afford to work right through the winter and the spring and take three months off in mid-summer and go down to the cottage with my friend Andrea. Mother and Bob were going to use the cottage later in the season.

**Quest:** But something made Bob come down earlier?

**Secretary:** Andrea had met some boy in Ilfracombe and was besotted with him. I became rather tired of her prattling on and on about him all the time. In the end she brought him down to the cottage and started sleeping with him. I couldn't really stand him but I had to stay. One night he brought some friend of his who I couldn't stand either. I thought they were both uncouth. His friend stayed the night too, but not with me. I locked my bedroom door. I thought Andrea was rather taking advantage of me - she was spending all her time with this boy and, well, with other boys. I'm afraid there just didn't seem to be anybody within a hundred miles of the place I liked and I was beginning to feel left out of everything. I could put it more strongly than that. I was beginning to feel terribly fed up, even bored, at the whole idea of living in the cottage. There were lots of boys on the beach of course and they were always trying to pick me up but I didn't fancy any of them. I could have gone to bed with a lot of boys - there was no lack of offers.

**Quest:** You enjoy the idea of men worshipping your body?

**Secretary:** I didn't say that.

**Quest:** I get that impression.

**Secretary:** I think that's normal.

**Quest:** What happened when your stepfather arrived?

**Secretary:** He didn't say so outright at first but he gave the impression he'd fallen out with Mother. He certainly hadn't expected to find me down there with Andrea. I think he wanted some peace and quiet for a few days, time to sort his thoughts out. We didn't have a big discussion about his problems with Mother. It didn't worry me that they'd had a row. Mother can be terribly volatile but she calms down quickly.

**Quest:** You'd always treated your stepfather like a fun uncle - had he ever shown sexual interest in you?

**Secretary:** I think all men would show an interest in the body of an eighteen year old girl, and take it further, given half the chance. I was padding about the cottage rustling up a salad in the kitchen in my bikini when Bob arrived. Yes, I think he was interested in my body then. At least I think he showed it then because he kissed me on the cheek and patted my bum. My bikini didn't really cover that. I assumed

Andrea had come in. I was bending over the kitchen table with my back to the door and my bottom was the first thing he saw and until he kissed me and patted my bum I had no idea it was Bob. Prior to that I hadn't really thought about it. He might always have been interested in me but I don't recollect any specific instances - or that might have been the first time he'd really noticed me. I was looking particularly good that summer. After all he hadn't really seen a fantastic amount of me - I'd either been at school or sharing a flat somewhere. Perhaps he thought I'd suddenly become a woman.

**Quest:** Did you imagine that you might sleep together?

**Secretary:** And why not?

**Quest:** In fact you wanted to?

**Secretary:** Now you're being quite impossible. There was no question of either of us wanting to or not wanting to. There were two bedrooms upstairs and a freezing stone floor downstairs. Andrea and her boyfriend were using one, Bob and I used the other.

**Quest:** What did happen?

**Secretary:** Bob balked at the idea at first. He pretended the idea shocked him. But the room had two single beds so it was OK. Mind you, it was such a small room the beds were pressed next to each other.

It was really terrific because we lay in our own beds and we really talked about everything and in a way we both let our hair down and I learnt a lot more about Mother I hadn't known before. I felt terrifically fond of Bob, terrifically affectionate towards him. Quite suddenly it meant not being quite so lonely or out of things anymore.

**Quest:** How did this become physical contact?

**Secretary:** It just happened.

**Quest:** You were wearing a nightdress?

**Secretary:** My bikini pants.

**Quest:** Nothing else?

**Secretary:** No, I got into bed in my bikini and took my bra off because it's uncomfortable to sleep in a bra, bikini or otherwise. It was a hot night and I was just under the top sheet and nothing more.

**Quest:** What happened then?

**Secretary:** I wasn't sexually obsessed with Bob but I was curious. At that time I hadn't had sex with any older men - I'd had sex with boys. I don't think it satisfied me completely and I was at a crossroad. I could either fall back onto boys and get engaged and married and go through life as a suburban housewife or I could start experimenting to find exactly what did satisfy me. To me Bob was merely Mother's lover, not my father, and fair game I suppose. I wasn't trying to put one over on Mother. I was just interested in new things. I think now, I wanted affection rather than sex, real affection, love, whatever it is.

**Quest:** And so . . . ?

**Secretary:** My arms were outside the sheet. So was one of his. Our hands just touched. He gave it a warm squeeze and let go. I thought 'If he touches me again he wants it.' He held my arm again. All I said was:

# QUEST

## why you can't do without it

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'You can if you want to, Bob, I don't mind.' He touched my hair with his fingers and lifted my chin up and rolled onto his side facing me so he could look down into my face. Even though it was a moonlit night and I could see his face, he looked like someone I didn't recognise. I find that men do look completely different, almost as though they're strangers, in bed at night.

**Quest:** What happened then?

**Secretary:** I rolled over on my back, closed my eyes and opened my mouth because I could feel he wanted to kiss me. I wanted him to be masterful and take me. I had the feeling. I told him I didn't want him to talk anymore. I said: 'Please, Bob, do what you like with me, but don't talk, don't say a word.' Then he kissed me and I raised my arms round his neck and let his tongue tickle my mouth inside. His hand went straight to my breast and squeezed it. I think that was when I discovered older men, because he treated my breasts so lovingly and beautifully and so tenderly I could forget everything. He kissed my nipples and stroked my breasts until I almost thought I couldn't endure it. I realised that this was what it was like to be worshipped as a woman. He was blowing all over my skin and I was coming out all over in goosebumps. I pushed my legs as far across his bed as I could - I had rolled out of my sheet.

He kept kissing my breasts. He was leaning up on his elbow and I just lay flat on the bed with my arms round his neck pulling his head down to my breasts and dying for him to go much further and faster. Then he slid his hand down my tummy and stroked my navel and he'd pushed the sheet right back to the top of my thighs and I could see my body, dark against the white undersheet. I felt terrifically loving. I wanted Bob to see all of me - I wanted him to look at my body and love it. He started kissing me down my tummy and I let go of him and lay my arms out across the bed and I felt him dig his tongue into my navel and wriggle it about and I wanted him to take my bikini pants off and attend to me there. He was wriggling his tongue in and out of my navel and my bum was jumping up and down on the bed and he pressed his hand hard down on my pubis through my bikini and held my bottom down and I could feel myself damp. Then he slipped his fingers down into the top of my pants

and started pulling them down and wriggling his fingers in my pubic hair at the same time and I think he just curled his hand round and touched me inside with his fingers and I had my orgasm right then and it was a terrific orgasm I remember because I'd worked myself round and my head was almost hanging off his bed and I was moaning out loud - which I don't often do - I don't often make much noise in sex - and my body was twitching all over. And Bob knew what had happened because he just pulled away from me and told me to go to sleep. 'Little daughter,' he said. 'Go to sleep, little daughter.' I went to sleep in his arms kissing him on the cheek and when I woke up the next morning I was on my own and Bob had gone back to Mother. I don't think Andrea ever quite knew why I looked so pleased with myself that morning.

**Two Shop Assistant, 19 years old, black haired, town of origin Leicester**

*This interviewee, a superb half-caste of mixed English and West Indian parentage, had left school at sixteen and gone to work as a shop assistant in a departmental store. Her West Indian father had left her mother to return to the West Indies when the interviewee was three years old. At the time of the incidents related in the interview she and her mother were living with her mother's lover, an Englishman. The interviewee now shared a flat with two other girls.*

**Quest:** You did little to prevent Peter's advances.

**Assistant:** I fancied him a bit.

**Quest:** But he was your mother's lover.

**Assistant:** You never know. For all you know that might be why I fancied him.

**Quest:** Was it?

**Assistant:** Don't be daft. Course it wasn't. He fancied me anyway like mad. I mean when a man like that gets it into his head he wants some black pussy then he won't stop until he gets black pussy. I mean it's awful at work sometimes because these very posh blokes'll even try it on. They all want to get a hand up your skirt just because they think it's something different. They even think it tastes different. They think I'm the next best thing to a wild animal and they don't even think you've got any feelings at all. But Peter was different.

**Quest:** How was Peter different?

**Assistant:** Because he wasn't just out for one thing. I mean he might have been thinking about my pussy all the time but he didn't show it. You know you can see it in their eyes. I mean I could see it in Peter's eyes sometimes when he caught me in the bathroom in my bra and pants or when I was bending over looking in my drawers in my bedroom or something or even just in my nightie, but he never took advantage of it the way some people would. I was all mixed up about him sometimes because I kept thinking I loved him both ways.

**Quest:** How?

**Assistant:** You know what I mean - like a father and like a man. I was silly sometimes - I flirted with him, I mean I led him on. I

could see him trying to control himself.

**Quest:** How did you flirt?

**Assistant:** Well, barging into the bathroom half naked, you know in my bra and my pants, when I knew he was in there or just being a bit careless how I showed my legs when I was sitting opposite him on the sofa or something. I was sort of acting like a little girl but with the body of a woman sort of thing. I don't know, I just wanted him to notice me all the time and I wanted him to be in love with me too. It used to drive my mother mad sometimes but she didn't say anything - she just tried to ignore it.

**Quest:** What were your feelings towards your mother?

**Assistant:** Well that was the trouble because before Peter came to live with us, she didn't even know I was there half the time. I mean she didn't want to be reminded of Dad, not that I remember much about him, but she didn't mind if I stayed out late at night or went out with boys when I was still at school and she didn't seem very interested really. She shouted at me sometimes if I messed her about too much but there wasn't all that much love or anything. I mean when Peter came I was all mixed up because I didn't have anyone who meant all that much to me. There wasn't anyone to turn to.

**Quest:** Did your mother have other lovers before Peter?

**Assistant:** Yes she did.

**Quest:** Were these men you could relate to as you did to Peter?

**Assistant:** There weren't any who stayed with her for all that long.

**Quest:** Why was that?

**Assistant:** I don't mean it to sound like there were hundreds of men, because there weren't. She had boyfriends on and off that she brought home sometimes or who called round to take her out. I wasn't old enough to understand what it was about anyway but I wasn't left alone or anything - there was always a baby sitter or someone right up till I was thirteen or fourteen. Then I started guessing about sex because I reckon I was ignorant about it before and you know, the things you learn at school, all the stories and the jokes and things and the girls having periods and the boys trying to feel you up behind the sheds at break and all that. There were some girls who had it before they were fifteen, but not with the boys - with much older men, you know, nineteen or twenty is pretty old when you're fourteen, I mean that's a man and there were always one or two girls leaving each year because they were pregnant. I never thought about my mother doing that sort of thing but she never had anyone to live with us all that time, not until Peter came. I was seventeen then and in a way he was just like a father right from the start and I kept thinking all these things about him. He wasn't fabulously wonderful looking or anything and it wasn't because I wanted to show mum up. I just wanted him to love me too and it was the only way I knew how to make him notice me really and I know it was stupid and silly and all kinds of daft.

**Quest:** Did you have sex at school?



**Assistant:** What's that got to do with it? You can't have sex at school not proper. The sheds down the bottom of the playing fields were the only place and someone had to keep a look-out. I mean nearly all the girls did it. I only went there once with two boys and they just wanted to get me down in the grass at the back. They just wanted me to lie down with my knickers down and my legs open and have a look and a feel and then tell all their mates what it was like.

**Quest:** How long had Peter been living with you and your mother before something happened?

**Assistant:** It wasn't all that long. I hadn't seen him with her before. The first time I saw him, he came back with her one night and caught me half naked in front of the television. It was after I had a bath and my hair was still wet and I only had a towel on. I was supposed to be dating a bloke from work but I didn't feel like the effort of going so I stood him up. Mum didn't think I'd be in and that's why she brought Peter back. You could see she wasn't happy about him seeing me like that with just a towel on and I didn't dare move because it had all come adrift on me and he just came and sat down by me on the sofa and said, 'Hi, who're you?' He was knocked out I was mum's daughter.

**Quest:** Peter became a regular visitor after that?

**Assistant:** He was with mum every night for a bit and then he moved in and shared mum's bedroom. I could see she wanted me to move out, because she kept offering to help me pay for a flat if I wanted to get one, nearer the city. The thing with mum is she's got nothing to be ashamed of herself anyway because she looks pretty young and she's still got a good figure and much bigger breasts than me and I've seen her without a bra on and her breasts are really, I mean, I wish my breasts were like that, sort of very big and not droopy.

**Quest:** Did Peter have a fascination for you?

**Assistant:** Well, it's obvious. You can't find out things about people when you're all in the same house. I mean things slip sometimes and you get caught with your knickers down or your tits showing or something. I mean, one morning I was coming out of the bathroom when Peter was coming in and we sort of crashed together in the doorway and you should have seen his eyes because my dressing gown came open and my breast came out - well, it's not huge but I've got these big dark nipples that sort of turn up and stick out. And I didn't close my dressing gown or anything and I smiled a bit in his face.

**Quest:** How did this develop into a sexual relationship?

**Assistant:** You don't half use strange words. I mean you don't come straight out with it like everyone else, do you?

**Quest:** Did Peter come straight out with it?

**Assistant:** Yes, well, he didn't mean to. I mean he's like you, he speaks nice, so he wouldn't, not normally. Not that I couldn't see the danger signs like he was getting worked up to it though, I mean he wanted

## PUT ME ON YOUR LIST

If you missed Ros (pictured) don't lose this chance to put her on your list of back numbers. Along with many other memorable birds she comes in a special five issue package at the bargain price of £1.50. This offer includes Vol. 6 Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7 and anniversary issue Vol. 7 No. 12. No. 4 uncovers Eleanor and the girls from Up Pompeii, No. 5 has unplain Victoria Jane and the girls of Japan, No. 6 has Ros and model Vivien Neves in a Danish sex film while No. 7 has all-American Chris and Carolyn. Vol. 7 No. 12 reviews a year's best birds and bares all-time favourite Penny Irving. All this and features, fiction, humour and, of course, Quest. For details of Quest interviews in back numbers turn to page 93.



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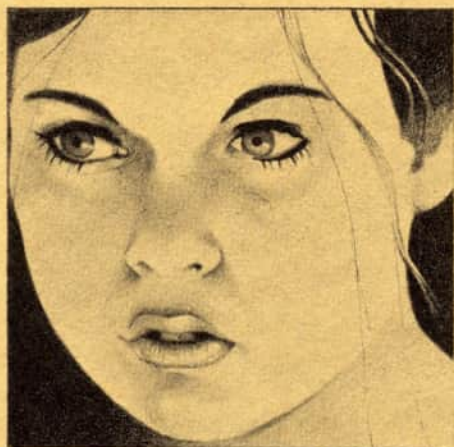
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to, like he couldn't resist my body, you know? He was always making remarks about me that started off as fun, like how sexy I was and how my bottom turned him on and how it was driving him mad.

**Quest:** Was it true?

**Assistant:** I should have stopped flirting with him. It wasn't fair. You know the dead weird thing was I didn't mind him touching me after a bit.

**Quest:** How did he touch you?

**Assistant:** Well, like there was one night when we were watching the television and there was a film on with a sexy bit in it. There was Paul Newman in it. Oh, he's a sexy man isn't he? And he was in a chain gang or something and there was a girl washing a car and she was a sort of big girl and she only had a small thin dress and the car was all wet and soapy and when she leaned over to wash the roof or something her skirt went up her bum and her knickers and the camera went inside the car and her breasts were pressing on the soap and water on the window and squashing around and you could see everything through the dress and she was leading the men on and rubbing handfuls of soap and water on her dress like she was trying to dry her hands and you could see nearly everything and I was sitting on the couch next to Peter and mum was sitting in the armchair and – I mean we just happened to be sitting like that – because I'd grabbed the couch first and mum had gone and sat in the chair so Peter came and sat with me. Well, there was only the table lamp on and mum didn't know anything was going on.

**Quest:** Between Peter and yourself?

**Assistant:** Well, it was the film. I mean I couldn't stop myself.

**Quest:** And you did something?

**Assistant:** Well it was just for a giggle, you know, just to see. He did have a hard-on. I was sort of getting up off of the couch and I made out I put my hand in the wrong place to push myself up and it was on his leg and I could feel it.

**Quest:** And he did something about it?

**Assistant:** Not then because I was going to bed. He did on Saturday morning because mum went shopping and I was having a lie-in. He just came in my room and said I ought to be spanked for what I did the night before. I said he must be joking. I mean I didn't know if he was being serious or not or what he was talking about even.

'You know what I'm talking about, young lady,' or something like that, like the way he speaks. 'You've been pushing your little fanny in my face ever since we met.' It was a bit of a giggle. I was only wearing my nightie and I felt a bit delicious in a way, you know squirmy. 'So what,' I said anyway, 'you wouldn't dare spank me because I'm too old and I'm not even your daughter or anything so you can't.' Then he said he could. 'Either you stop flirting,' he said, 'or you live up to it.' Well I'm not scared of men or being fucked or anything. I reckon I can take care of myself. I mean I like it, you know, cock, I'm not going to run away from it like some girls am I? So what did he do? He pulled back the bed-clothes and I couldn't stop giggling and I didn't even try to. He grabbed me by the arm and I told him he didn't have to make all this show just for what he wanted. That stopped him. 'What do you mean?' he said, knowing damn well. 'You don't have to go through all this pretend just to do me,' I said, 'you old ram. I know what you want.' That turned him wild, that did.

**Quest:** You weren't worried at being spanked?

**Assistant:** Get off it, I knew he wasn't after a spanking. He wanted to get at my little black bum and so I pushed it right up off the bed in the air. And I said: 'There you are master, how does your little slave girl look now? He sort of couldn't believe his eyes anyway because I've got a hell of a backside. It's my best bit. He sort of bent down on his knees and put his hands on it and started kissing it. I really go mad about that you know, being licked there on my backside. It really does it for me, sends cold shivers up my spine and hot flushes up my belly.

**Quest:** What happened then?

**Assistant:** Well, you know, it happened. It made me whimper. I mean there's only one thing after that – you want to feel something, you know and you know what it is you want to feel, like you're crying out for it and you're wet for it and waiting. He pulled away and just held me there with one hand – ooh I knew what was coming next – and I was just resting on my knees on the edge of the bed and next thing I felt it pushing in. He was grunting and groaning like mad and I was moaning like I couldn't stop and I was pushing my bottom backwards and forwards on him. He bent over me then and shoved his hands up under my nightie and my nipples were aching already and he started squeezing my tits and rubbing the nipples in his fingers and that was too much and I came very quick. Then I thought he was going to pull out. I think he suddenly thought of mother or something and nearly had a fit when he realised what he was doing, but hell I wasn't going to let him get away with doing that to me – I've been on the pill since I was sixteen – and so when I felt him going to pull out I just squeezed my legs together and that set him off and he just went mad and one push and then a lot of little jumpy ones and he was finished. I wasn't even a bit ashamed after, but he was. Hell, mother

would kill me if she ever found out about it.

**Quest:** Would it have happened again?

**Assistant:** You never know. I wouldn't have minded.

**Quest:** Thank you.

**Three Nurse, 23 years old, brunette, town of origin Hove**

*This interviewee, a warm and attractive girl, had first left school to help her mother run a small seafront boarding house but had later begun a nursing career in a well known London hospital. At the time of the interview she shared a flat with three other girls, also nurses.*

**Quest:** We talked earlier about this man – let's call him Forsyth. Does he still live at your mother's guest house?

**Nurse:** Major. Yes, sorry, it'll be Major Forsyth – he was in the army for a lot of his life. You can tell – he's got such a ferocious bristly moustache. Yes, he's always lived at the house as long as I can remember – as a sort of permanent guest.

**Quest:** Does he sleep with your mother?

**Nurse:** Yes. Sometimes.

**Quest:** Is this a permanent arrangement?

**Nurse:** I suppose so.

**Quest:** Is that why you left?

**Nurse:** Mummy always had an awfully soft spot for him actually but he was such a stern looking man with his bristly moustache. They say it tickles – they say moustaches tickle rather but they're much more super than that – they're very arousing.

**Quest:** This is when you're making love?

**Nurse:** I'm sorry, I put it all wrong, it only happened once.

**Quest:** With Mr Forsyth.

**Nurse:** He was such a stern forbidding man but that was all on the surface. Really deep down inside he was awfully lonely. He was just the sort of man who never asked for anything because he thought he was imposing on you.

**Quest:** Was this why you made love to him – because he was lonely?

**Nurse:** In a way. Yes.

**Quest:** Perhaps you felt sorry for him?

**Nurse:** Honestly, men think they're so jolly tough on the outside and inside they're as vulnerable as little boys. You'd be surprised. The bigger and tougher they look the weaker they are inside – it's true. I think they all need mothering and they enjoy it really even when they won't admit it because they think they've got to pretend they're so strong and manly. I think they like to pretend they haven't any emotions at all but you just watch them giving in to women every time. Women are much stronger than men anyway. You should see the looks I get because of my breasts.

**Quest:** Do a lot of men want to sleep with you because of your breasts?

**Nurse:** I don't mind – honestly. I like it – it's me. I like being cuddly and cuddling men to my breasts – it seems the natural role of a woman. With some men you feel that's what they really need and you want to let them. I am irresistibly attracted to big hulky men when they get that little-boy-lost look in their eyes – I can't resist them. It's all I can do to stop myself



rushing at them and pouring myself all over them.

**Quest:** Was that your reaction to the Major?

**Nurse:** Hardly, was it? I've known – why do you call him the Major – it sounds like something from a monumentally boring BBC2 play – Mr Forsyth, I've known Mr Forsyth since I was this high... all right, then, perhaps it wasn't exactly awfully different. I'll tell you what does absolutely knock me out of my tree – I go potty for men with little children. This morning I passed a man standing outside a shop in Kensington High Street – in fact I was on my way here in my own female roundabout way via a new dress I've been saving up for and a new bikini – golly, the bikinis I've tried on today and all of them made me look quite obscene and you'd have probably enjoyed it, my breasts bulging out all over the place and wickedly refusing to stay tucked in every time I took a deep breath – I can see you're a breast man too, wow, you might have warned me and I could have worn something less revealing. I feel half naked, the way you're looking at me – you keep looking at me as though you can see right through my bra and you're going to jump on me any minute. Your friend could have warned me, couldn't he, when he arranged it in his little black book. He could at least have said: hey, watch out, he's got dishy brown bedroom eyes and a voice that makes your skin tingle and worst of all he's a breast maniac – golly, here I go again, practically talking you into seducing me right in your office. Woah, Jennifer, does that sound right? I haven't made it sound as though you already have seduced me have I, because if I have, you haven't, have you, not yet. Say something, please, so I can wriggle out of this mess, please?

**Quest:** You were talking about a man you passed outside a shop in Kensington High Street.

**Nurse:** I'd almost forgotten that I'd said that – I've got a shocking memory. Yes, he wasn't astonishingly good looking or astonishingly big or anything. I suppose he was thirty. He had two small children, one hanging around his legs and the other in his arms and he was standing on the edge of the pavement and obviously his wife was in the shop and he was standing outside with the kids while everybody else rushed past around him and just looking at him there made me feel quite potty for him. I nearly stopped to chat him up as I was passing but his wife came out of the shop just before I got there. Narrow escape for him wasn't it? Just think, there's some man out there, loaded with kids, who doesn't know how near he came to having it offered to him on a plate, isn't there? I think the attraction for me was seeing a great big strong man dotting on something as fragile and small as two young children and sort of protecting them and having tender feelings for them. I know most men hate that sort of thing – they think it's sissy to cart the kids about while mum's shopping, but it's an awfully wonderful sight. It knocks me out of my tree. I know

it has that sort of effect on a lot of my friends. You're letting me ramble on a lot aren't you? Honestly, I didn't think I'd talk this much – I thought I'd just say, yes, and no, and not much else. It's super here. You've got me going now. I don't even mind talking about my breasts do I? I know a lot of women hate having big breasts, not me though. If you've got breasts you might as well have them a decent size, mightn't you?

**Quest:** When you made love to Mr Forsyth, was he sleeping with your mother?

**Nurse:** I should hope not. No, he definitely wasn't. Of course he wasn't. Honestly. They were both – the pair of them – a pair of lonely people, in their own way. Mum used to pamper him actually but she wouldn't have dreamed of anything more intimate, no matter how much she might have wanted it. I think this little horror, me, well, not so little – sowed the seed. It's an unusual way to go about it isn't it? According to all the novels I read, the poor hero isn't getting to first base with the heroine – not until the wedding night anyway – and zonk, he gets seduced by the girl's mother, all massive chest, white thighs, child bearing hips and big fat bottom, but awfully well preserved – actually, mum's jolly petite, not like her awful rambling-on daughter.

**Quest:** With you it happened the other way around?

**Nurse:** All topsy-turvy. He was such a shy and lonely man. No-one, he had absolutely no-one, not even any real friends. He was the sort of man everyone spoke to about the weather and rubbish like that – everyone knew him but no-one could get close to him. He must have built up this barrier against the outside world, over the years. He was desperate to break it down but he couldn't.

**Quest:** But you changed that...

**Nurse:** Because I slept with him and showed him affection and nestled him

against my breasts and just let him talk and talk.

**Quest:** Did that make him wish to sleep with your mother?

**Nurse:** I think it's the best thing I ever did in my life – for both of them. It's one of the few things I have no regrets about at all. It makes me happy to think of them together because they need each other. I'm feeling naughty – I wouldn't mind doing it again, you super tingly breast man. I'm sorry I keep going frivolous on you, don't I? I have to make an effort to be serious all the time.

**Quest:** About sex?

**Nurse:** Especially about that – it's awful when it's serious, awful.

**Quest:** But you were serious about seducing Mr Forsyth?

**Nurse:** Don't keep twisting me round in knots or I won't even forgive you your bedroom eyes, no, I won't, especially not those. I didn't plan to seduce him at all – there just came a stage when it was the most natural thing to do, to be affectionate and comfort him with my breasts and everything else.

**Quest:** This grew naturally over a period of time?

**Nurse:** I suppose it was because mum made a fuss of him when she could – the best armchair reserved in the lounge, extra tidbits of food, that sort of thing. I always regarded him as someone rather special to her and therefore to me – because I'm awfully fond of her. I suppose, in my own way, I wanted to bring them closer together.

**Quest:** Please go on.

**Nurse:** Just like that? Don't you want to know all the complex psychology – or rather the simple psychology – they stick you in a file quick as a wink don't they? They can't cope with individuals, psychiatrists can't – there's always an easy answer I suppose. I wonder what I'm lumped under – and who with? Gosh, I'd never thought of that, you don't psychoanalyse

## KEEP YOUR BIRDS HAPPY



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people do you, not me, I mean. That would put me right off. I'd walk out despite . . .

*Quest:* No. I like talking to you.

*Nurse:* Listening to me, don't you mean. You should hear some of them at the hospital, when I'm really warmed up, telling me to shut-up, miserable insensitive lumps.

*Quest:* Tell me how you seduced your mother's lodger?

*Nurse:* It's surprising isn't it, how long these things take to build up and in an afternoon they're all over.

*Quest:* Tell me about that afternoon.

*Nurse:* It's awfully difficult to remember everything. It's not the simplest thing in the world you know. I remember I'd been out on the beach, sunbathing and swimming, all morning with some friends and I came back to the house – we're close to the beach you see – in my bikini. I've already told you about bikinis on me. If you were polite about it you would say I'm rather obvious in a bikini – I still wear them though – I revel in it. It was early summer, still May I think and we were having a marvellous heatwave. I was brown nearly everywhere and the bikini was black. I don't think there were many people at the house – it was too early. As I was coming up the pathway I looked up and there was Mr Forsyth at his window looking down at me. I think I waved and smiled and the surprising thing was that he actually blushed and disappeared. He must have seen me in a bikini before – it didn't occur that perhaps he'd seen a lot more of me in a bikini than I thought and I'd never seen him watching me. Do you know, he had a pair of binoculars in his room and he'd been watching me through them on the beach. He'd been standing at the window with his binocular things focused on my breasts watching everything. I found that out because I had to go up to his room and I thought he was out and I had to go and make the bed as I usually did – not in my bikini as before though. This was half an hour later I think – I was being lazy and mummy shushed me up to his room with the clean sheets – I think we were getting all the rooms ready for the first batch of guests because they were arriving the next day. I thought I'd heard him go out just before I went up, but I hadn't. I barged in without bothering to knock anyway. I noticed the binoculars on the window-ledge and I think it clicked straight away. He was sitting on the edge of the bed with his head in his hands and he looked up as I came in and our eyes met for a moment – doesn't that sound crummy – but they did. Well, you know all about my thing about little boys inside full grown men – that was Mr Forsyth at that moment. I was all mammary gland reaching out to him – why did I say that? That doesn't make sense – just a slip of the tongue. I'm not absolutely shameless – well perhaps I am – but you have to remember how long we'd known each other and this was the first time I'd seen him without any kind of defence. I dropped the sheets and he'd seen I'd noticed the binoculars. 'I've been watching you all day,' he said. No, *hello,*

*how are you,* none of that. He didn't even feel like pretending.

*Quest:* What effect did this have on you?

*Nurse:* I went round in front of him and knelt on the floor and tried to look up at his face and he was looking down at his feet. 'What's wrong?' I asked him. 'What's wrong with watching me. I don't mind you watching me.' He wouldn't say anything – just like a big dumb puppy, he was, so vulnerable, I just wanted to cuddle him and so I did.

*Quest:* How did you do that?

*Nurse:* It's funny really, he's so big compared to me – I'm not awfully short but compared to him I'm titchy, well not titchy – I'm smaller, let's say – yes, we'll say that. I sat down with him on the bed and put my hand on his arm and he swayed towards me. I don't know, it just seemed so right and so natural – it all happened so naturally I put my hand on his shoulder and without looking at me his head just came down against my breasts and I put my arm further round him and the other round his chest and squeezed him and we seemed to topple backwards onto the bed awfully slowly, nestling further and further back and oh, don't start asking me all sorts of questions about it because I don't know why, but I lifted up my thin clingy sweater and pushed up the left side of my bikini bra and offered him my left breast. The bra couldn't stand the strain anyway and my other breast popped out and I offered them to his face to comfort his face and he just nuzzled the side of his cheek against them until he realised I wanted him to kiss them. Honestly, he was like an overgrown puppy – he didn't really have much idea of what to do and he was so gentle. I told him to get up and lock the door and he was trembling all over and he stumbled over the corner of the carpet so clumsily and I loved him because of the way he was reacting to my body and because he wasn't smooth and lustful or full of words or trying to be a big lover – I hate that – and he just wanted me to show him what to do and he was so humble in a way. I went with him to the door and when he turned round I'd pulled my bra right off and dropped it on the bed. I stretched my arms right up round his neck at the door and pulled his head down to me and kissed him and he kissed me back but he wouldn't quite let himself go. Then I pulled his face further down to my breasts and put my hands on the back of his head and pressed his mouth against my nipple and made him kiss it and his bristly old moustache – I'm so sensitive on my breasts I can have an orgasm just by squeezing my legs tight when my nipples are being sucked – his moustache was indescribable – it was beautiful. I couldn't squeeze my legs together but I wanted to.

*Quest:* Please go on.

*Nurse:* I led him back to the bed. All this time we didn't say a word as far as I can recall but he took each of my breasts in both hands and held it up and kissed each nipple in turn. Oh, he worshipped them. And his moustache – hmmm, his moustache. I go for men with moustaches. I had to undress him bit by bit and he wouldn't

leave my breasts – he went on holding them and kissing and sucking them and I had to undress him while he was doing that. He had a furious erection and he wanted to press that between my breasts. As I unzipped his trousers – I think we were both lying on the edge of the bed and he was pulling me over so his face was drowning under my breasts nearly – I reached my hand down and squeezed him through them first and he tried to sit up but I pushed my breasts down on his face and I said: 'Don't. Let me do it.' I think he thought it was wrong for me to touch him – it was just my breasts as far as he was concerned but he didn't resist after that. I unzipped him and unbuckled his belt and pushed my hand down into his underwear and through the hairs. He sucked so hard on my nipples I thought I would have an orgasm before I had his trousers properly off. I wanted us to lie on the bed and hold our naked bodies together. I wanted him to take my panties off and I had to lead his hand to me along my belly and hold the elastic away from me so his hand slipped straight into my pubes. I nearly thought I'd over done it because his hand froze stiff for an instant and I tried to prise his fingers apart and press them against me – then he relaxed and his fingers were so gentle – as though he was touching a woman there for the first time in his life. Talk about wet – I was dripping. I slipped my panties down myself – in the end, from behind, while I was leaning over him – then I was so ready for him I just rolled right over on top, with his trousers and his underwear still half on and with my breasts in his face and his hands – he was more interested in touching my breasts than my pubes, honestly. I sat astride him and in two strokes I was finished and so was he. It was the first time I'd ever heard him say anything with any sort of feeling. 'God,' he said, 'God, I'm coming.' I sucked him in, every last drop before I rolled off him and just kissed him right on the very tip, just for thanks and for luck. I think we just lay side by side on the bed for a long time and he started talking, just talking, and we talked a long time about all sorts of things and about life and emotions and feelings, all sorts of things I never knew he had in him. It made an awful difference to him. He was a different man after that, a very jaunty man.

*Quest:* There were no repercussions?

*Nurse:* No, I think he realised it wouldn't happen again and he was sensible enough to know that anything with a girl less than half his age would never last anyway. No, he was confident and alive enough to suddenly recognise the way mum felt about him and he went straight to her and let her know how he felt about her. I think he loved her all along. I just opened the floodgates. I'm just a daughter now, nothing's ever said. I just thought it best to leave them to themselves for a while, so I just packed and said good-bye and left. I go and see them when I can – a right pair of lovebirds – we're all very close now, all three of us. I wouldn't be surprised to hear they'd got married. I hope they do. I'll be bridesmaid.



## My country needs ME

continued from page 74

naval operation, but when the fleet failed to achieve its objectives and had to be backed up with a military landing he sent in a grossly under-briefed force.

Disaster followed with the Allied force pinned down on the beaches and when Hamilton asked for reinforcements, Kitchener refused, switching his offensive tactics from the Near East to the Western Front. The result was a double disaster – a bloody repulse in France at the Battle of Loos and a steadily worsening position in the Dardanelles.

Kitchener's name was still important with the general public, however, and with Asquith steadfastly refusing to accept his resignation over Gallipoli, it was something of a relief for everybody in the Cabinet when the invitation came from the Czar asking the Field-Marshal to visit Russia. Before leaving on that fateful voyage Kitchener invited members of the House of Commons to a meeting where he presumed to defend his administration of the War Office over the previous two years. Strangely, he carried off the whole affair with confident panache and scored an entirely unexpected personal success. Hugely delighted, he called at Downing Street to pass on the good news to the Prime Minister. Asquith noted that Kitchener, who had recently shown signs of severe strain, appeared completely rejuvenated. 'He left the room,' said Asquith, 'gay, alert, elastic and sanguine.' Next day Kitchener lunched with the King and spent the penultimate night of his life at his beloved country mansion. Late the following day he took the night train from King's Cross and embarked on HMS *Hampshire*; just about two and a half hours after sailing he was fighting unsuccessfully for his life in the Atlantic. Kitchener had become, like many other famous men, a legend in his own lifetime – and a very high proportion of the British masses could not bring themselves to believe that this monolithic character, this symbol of British Imperial superiority, could have suffered so commonplace an ending as to be drowned along with a lot of ordinary sailors. As a result, a whole series of wild rumours spread through the country: he was not dead, he was a prisoner; he had escaped and was living in some isolated cave on a remote island in the Hebrides; better still, he had been betrayed to the Germans in a plot and the whole affair had been rigged. But the truth, however unacceptable, was simple. Kitchener wasn't a truly great general despite his many outstanding qualities so it was a combination of luck, propinquity and his own dedication to the idea of Empire that placed him on his high pedestal. When the time came for him to be put to the real test – in 1914/16 – he was tried and found wanting. If you wanted to be cynical you could describe his career as 'How to Succeed in the Army Without Really Trying.' But that would be churlish: he may not have been a great general but he was certainly a great character. 

In Mayfair next month

# COME ON IN!



A warm welcome awaits you in *Mayfair's* high holiday issue. We've scoured the best beaches in Europe for the most exciting, sophisticated and sexy girls ever to be persuaded out of a bikini. There's one of the South Coast's most popular beauty queens, a TV actress and three more superb dollies. You can meet all five of our out of door girls bared next month in *Mayfair*.

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## The kilt is my delight

*continued from page 80*

away the cigarette and joined him fiercely again.

After that they were three together. Happily they drove down magic miles to Fort William, sought out an old hotel with oversize brassy beds.

'I'll rumple the bedclothes in my room,' said Ian calmly, 'then I'll join you. But come look at this painting.'

Queen Victoria on horseback. Ian told them how she rode over the bleak Highland passes, even to the haunted summit of Ben MacDhui.

'Who's the man holding the horse?'

'John Brown.'

'What's he doing here?'

Not, Ian explained, John Brown of the civil war, but Victoria's servant and alleged boy-friend. He drew the two women close to him, whispered ravishing regal scandal, and while he went from possibilities to sheer fantasy he slipped hands down the fronts of their trousers.

Contact, contact. Stop it, you wicked boy, they whispered, or we'll have to change our panties. We're wet!

They took the road to Oban, sailed to the world's most sacred island, Iona. They walked the Street of the Kings to the Abbey, and in that holy place Ian married both sisters. A Scottish marriage by consent. Then hand-in-hand they walked to the north shore, where white shell-sand shades into an extremely chromatic part of the Sea of the Hebrides.

'Is it cold?' asked Myrtle.

He assured them it was warmed by the Gulf Stream. But they had no swim-suits? Why worry? Hadn't they topless girls in the States? Let his girls also be bottomless.

Two mermaids, who spoke with a southern American accent, were sighted on the sands of Iona . . . What a story for the 'Oban Times.' Naked and laughing, they ran towards the surf.

Next morning, when he tapped at their bedroom door at dawn, Rosemary would not waken, but Myrtle listened to his promise of everlasting youth. Many years later he would realise what a unique woman she was, that could be dressed and away in 10 minutes.

They climbed Iona's tiny mountain, Dun I, in the monochrome light of dawn.

He pointed to clear water beside a boulder.

'The Well of Youth.'

'Yes?'

'Wash your face in it before sunrise, and you have youth all your life.'

'Cosmetically or psychologically?' But she bent by the tiny pool, splashed chill water on her face, dried, and smiled lovingly to him.

'You Scots are the craziest race ever. You really did get me out of bed at this ungodly hour because of this dim-witted superstition?'

'No, I just wanted to have you to myself for an hour, away from creaky hotel beds and surreptitiousness. As it was on the Torridon mountains.'

'God, boy, I love you.'

In a nook of the hill they watched the world colour and warm, the mountains of Mull sparkled, the odd-shaped Treshnish Isles stood out eccentrically, the sea changed to multitudinous shades. They sat hand-in-hand and became not sight-seers but part of the living landscape.

Then she held out her arms, and for two miraculous hours they lay together.

Using the well as a mirror, she adjusted her

hair, and they ran laughing downhill to breakfast.

That day they left Iona, motored down to Loch Lomond. Rosemary sat silent.

'Darling sister,' remarked Myrtle, 'is in a black mood. She thinks I monopolise you. The girl is going to appeal to the Monopolies Commission to prevent me making a take-over bid.'

'You daft pair. Here we are by the bonnie banks, you can even see the peak of Ben Lomond, it's a joyous afternoon, there are no crowds of tourists so you can even see the loch, yet you squabble and sulk. Here's Luss, remember it because the name's like lust. Come on, book three single rooms here for to-night, our last night together. I'll be with Rosemary all night. Right?'

'Yes, sultan.' Myrtle said it sadly.

And, he thought, when Rosemary has taken her knock-out pill, I shall come to you, my darling.

'Carezza,' whispered Rosemary that night as they lay linked. 'Stop, silly boy. I want you with me, inside me, all night long. Oh no more, isn't it delicious enough? Oh damn, you're spurting but I shouldn't blame you, you're so eager and young.'

But she held him vice-tight, would not let him go, and again his little soldier stood to attention. She gurgled with joy.

'I shall have you all night long. I will not let you go. This is carezza, now rest in me, my bright darling love, and I too shall have rest such as no medicaments can give, no doctor but the Almighty has prescribed you for me. And in return I will give you hours of delight such as you never knew in all your thrusting.'

She did, too. Long, languorous dreamy, with brief bursts of ecstasy. Even when one of them dozed they did not separate.

'So she kept you all night manacled, or should I say womanacled?' Myrtle whispered acidly as they went into breakfast.

'Last day, no sorrows,' he replied. 'We'll sail on the Loch before leaving. Yes?'

The small ship took them from the pier into wonderland. Rosemary sat tranquilly, lapping it up. Myrtle paced from bow to stern. He caught up with her.

'Come below and see the engines.'

They looked at the stride of the old reciprocating engine, beautiful, brassy, hypnotic.

'But,' explained Ian, 'that expression, see the engines, is a Glasgow one for having a drink. See there, a bar.'

'Scotch,' ordered Myrtle, 'and a sherry.' The barman for an instant or two unglued his eyes from the racing forecast. The ship was almost empty; except for them, this little snugery had no customers.

'Sherry for you,' she said firmly. 'I'm not going to teach you any bad habits.'

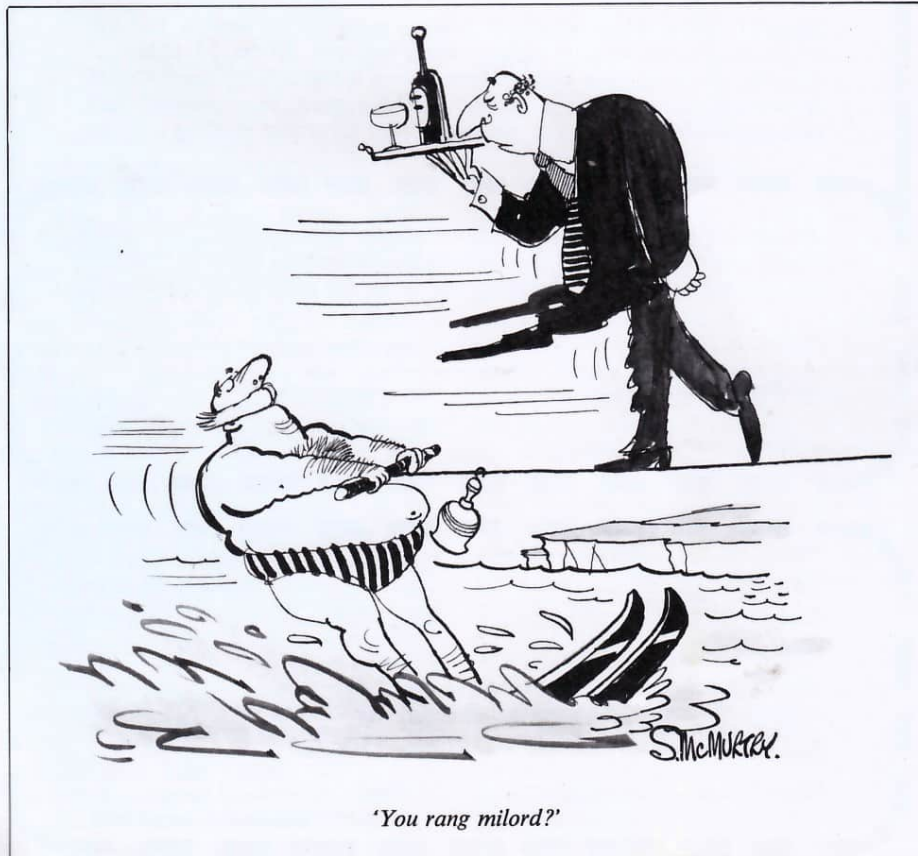
'I'm sorry,' he said as he sipped, 'that I can't love for a last time.'

'No?'

The sheer American audacity made him spill his drink.

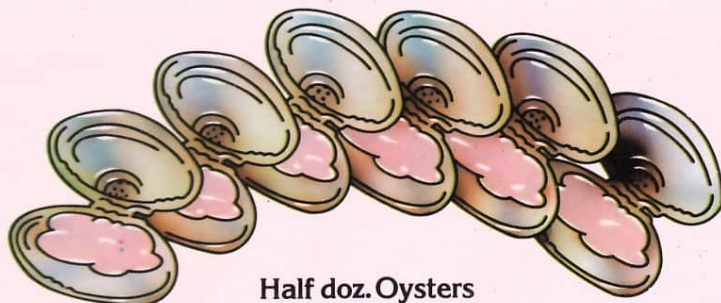
'Why not?' she asked. 'Unlikely we'll be interrupted, and this high-backed double seat secludes us. Not that I'd worry. Cushions - just look at me bouncing - will

*turn to page 104*



*'You rang milord?'*





### Half doz. Oysters

Renowned from the 12th Century as a sexual stimulant, oysters were shamelessly consumed by lascivious ladies in preparation for the amatory act. Such was the proven effectiveness of oysters through the centuries that Catherine the Great of Russia resorted to eleven dozen of them to warm up the wintry evenings in St. Petersburg.



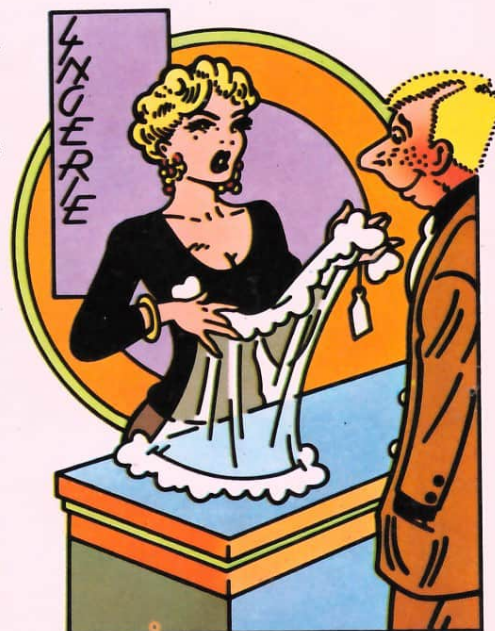
### Powdered Rhino Horn

The sexual appetite of an Ethiopian tribe grew so prodigiously after their witchdoctor had discovered the stimulating effects of powdered rhino horn that the word quickly spread around. Passing explorers sold the unique formula to debilitated debutantes the world over until the Rhino Preservation Society finally took a stand.



### Truffles

A fungus indigenous to Europe, truffles (*Tuber aestivum*) were a popular hors d'oeuvre at many a Roman orgy. Napoleon always kept a few in his breast pocket in anticipation of meeting a willing young lady. And it must have been in the off-season for truffles that he reluctantly informed Josephine that it could not be tonight.



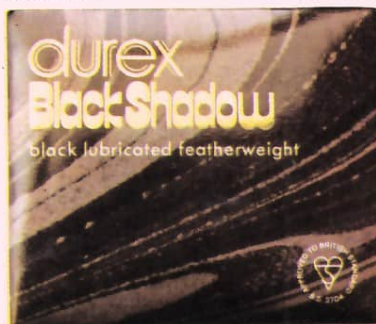
### A Naughty Nightie

Discovered in the "Baby Doll" period of the '50's, the naughty nightie has since become Western Man's most socially acceptable aphrodisiac. Invariably short and inevitably transparent, it is also referred to as a negligee or negligible.

## They've now got some pretty serious competition.

Competition from a new and unlikely source. A protective called Durex Black Shadow.

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No matter how you like your girls, at least one film in Mayfair's Film Society has something to please your tastes. There's five absolutely gorgeous girls. That's five different shapes, and five different sizes.

Latest addition to the Mayfair Film Society is that delectable Bournemouth beauty queen, Penny Mallett. Filmed at London's Latin Quarter night club, she plays a distressed beauty queen. Distressed because the other girls in the contest are so jealous that they cut up Penny's costume and there she is, stuck starkers. But Penny isn't beaten. A polythene laundry bag sets her initiative running wild and soon she's clad in a sexy transparent bikini. Before Penny came air-hostess Sophie who spills her duty free drink all over her on a train journey. With her crisp clean uniform soaking she decides to change on the train, with startling results. Contrasting the tall slim Sophie are the warm, well-rounded features of Victoria Jane, who decides that her pet dog needs a wash. Watch the soap suds go everywhere as she goes about it. If you like them big and black there's Sylvia Bayo. Her huge breasts and full sensuous lips could turn on an ice cube. And for the man who likes the old-fashioned blonde type we have pert, Monroeish Caroline Dell. Mayfair colour films let you see our girls in living, moving colour. They are approximately 100 feet long and each costs £6.40. All the films are 8 mm but there is a choice of Super 8 or Standard 8. Please check which one will fit your projector and if you are buying a new projector, remember Super 8 machines give a larger image.

# MAYFAIR'S

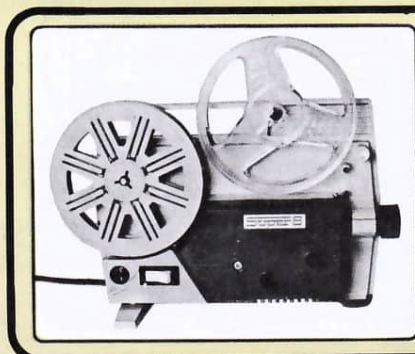


**CAROLINE** Pert and pretty Caroline Dell as she appeared as Mayfair's Girl of the Year in Vol. 4 No. 12



**SYLVIA** Delicious and dusky Sylvia Bayo displaying her charms in Vol. 5 No. 1. Clothes just can't contain Sylvia

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# FABULOUS FIVE



**PENNY**

*The perfection of Penny Mallett as she appears on film, clothed in polythene*



**SOPHIE**

*Sophisticated Sophie losing her air-hostess uniform on film number four*



**VICTORIA**

*Victoria Jane, as she was in Mayfair's Vol. 6 No. 5*

Mayfair Film Society, every possible taste in dolly appreciation is amply catered for

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If you do not wish to cut your magazine, we shall be happy to receive your order on plain paper. Don't forget to specify exactly which film you want. Block capitals throughout, please.

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### The kilt is my delight

*continued from page 100*

be a cosy change from spiky mountains.'

'You're going to slip off your panties right here?'

'Indeed no, Ian. Underneath my dress is just plain me.'

She laughed up to him, as she flung up his kilt.

'No pants on either of us!'

She was as eager as a teenager, wise as a woman. Her knees drew far up, she pulled him to her as if every centimetre of him were more precious than platinum. And her low, warm voice spoke the love that was in her body.

'Yes, darling, come and go to the rhythm of the engine. You are an engine, you make me go into uncharted country. Oh Lord I had the first of you and now the last that'll ever be possible for me, and all that and everything between has been sweet and straight-forward and magic. Ee-ee-ee! And now I don't care if a conference of Presbyterian clergy surrounded us, I would not let you go. Not yet. My knees aren't hurting your ribs, are they, darling? My wondrous fruit, I'll squeeze every life-giving drop of juice from you. Oo-ee-ee!' The final paroxysm of joy shuddered through her.

Then soon all three were driving through

dark industrial land that leads to Glasgow. Ian sat between them, an arm round each. The environmental transition gloomed Myrtle. She turned to him.

'My young love, have we two mad women harmed you?'

Wordless, he drew up the dresses of both, slipped his hand from naked waists down to hips.

'Remember what you told me by Loch Torridon? Not what people say, but what they do.'

The sun shone again, even in the long glum streets of Glasgow.

'Here's the Central Station,' he said. 'Drop me here. You turn right at the next street, then directions all the way to Glasgow Airport. Right, Rosemary, I have my rucksack. A kiss for you both.'

He was outside the car, but Myrtle reached over and clasped his hand.

'One thing you must promise. Not that some day, when you're high on alcohol, you won't tell how you toured with a couple of American dames, bit old but hot in the pants when they chanced to wear those. You'll do that no more than we will say to frustrated women to forget about Mediterranean love-boys and go to Scotland for real hard sex.'

He nodded. 'Agreed, what's the promise?'

'That you'll never visit us in the States.'

You're 17, you will study medicine, have years of work and then you'll marry – damn I'm jealous – so it may be 10 years before you can take expensive holidays. You'll be 27, vigorous and young, we'll be wrinkling and old. You'd wonder why you ever shared your dear self with us.'

'Wrinkled and old? Speak for yourself, sister.'

'I speak for both. My love, keep this week as complete in itself. Don't let it ever get frayed and soiled.' He nodded.

'Right, Ian. One last question. That marriage by consent we had in Iona. Not legal by any chance?'

'Not now. It was until a few years ago, but that spoilsport parliament in London repealed the good Scots law.'

Myrtle was laughing, laughing to tears.

'Had it been legal, I'd have got a writ of habeas corpus or something and held on to you forever. We Americans tend to be litigious, Goodbye, my darling!'

He blew kisses to both of them, watched the car vanish into the traffic. Bless you, Myrtle, for ending it all with a laugh.

As he shouldered his rucksack and went up the steps to the Central Station, it occurred to him that despite Dicky Nixon and Spiro Agnew, America remained a superb country. It must be, when it produced women like these. 



*'That's 10 drachma you owe me, Odysseus.'*





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## LETTERS

continued from page 10

do have a hard-on? The way you've been staring at my boobs you must have!' I assured her that I had the king of all hard-ons!

We did not dally after the meal and in my car in the car park we kissed and I began to fondle her breasts. She wore no bra because her dress had a bra-type bodice. As I began to finger her erect nipples she caught hold of my wrist and asked me to stop as it was getting her too excited. 'Take me home,' she told me. She was sharing a flat with another nurse who happened to be on night duty and by some sort of telepathic mutual agreement we made for the bedroom. I got her dress unzipped and down around her waist so that I could see and fondle her full, round, heavy breasts while she unzipped my trousers. I had to help her extract it and she sucked in her breath: 'Oh Jesus! It's huge!' My heart fell; but then she giggled: 'I think I'd better go to the loo first, don't you.' She began to leave the room saying: 'I won't be a minute. You get undressed.'

Moments later she came back into the bedroom, her breasts bouncing, carrying her tights and panties in her hand. In less than a minute we were fucking on her bed. She came almost as soon as I entered her and came again when I did. I was so worked up I only lasted about half a minute. 'Darling; you were too quick,' she complained as I rolled off her. I assured her it would be better next time. 'Well, it had better be soon because I'm feeling awfully sexy.' And with that she began to play with my penis. There was no response and she pouted. 'Are you going to be like the rest? In, out, finished? If so I might just as well play with myself.' With that she began to do just that. I had never seen a girl frig herself and Sally was lying there beside me, her hand between her thighs massaging her labia, her free hand began teasing her nipples. Her eyes closed, her breath came faster and with a stiffening penis I watched her increasing excitement. Her back arched and she shuddered to orgasm, then slowly relaxed and sank back on the bed. I rose over her and I'll never forget the look of astonish-

ment on her face as I slid into her. By chance I almost withdrew altogether, just the tip remained at the entrance. She begged me to do it again. I did, almost withdrawing and then going deep. 'Again. More like that!' she gasped out and I felt her arch up and she shuddered to another orgasm. She asked me to stop and when I did she told me how wonderful it felt to have my penis inside her. It felt wonderful to me too. Seven inches? It felt more like seven feet!

That was the start of it. I stayed the night with her and had her twice more, once in her favourite position, rear entrance. Sally insists that this is the natural position for the human race to copulate.

We began to see lots of each other, sometimes at her flat, sometimes at mine. She taught me to slow down by trying to pee into her when I felt myself starting to come. I have never been able to do this, but it certainly stops me coming too soon. After a few months I asked her to marry me but she would not hear of it. 'I don't want to be tied down, but I'll move in with you. When I'm fed up with you then I can just leave. Okay?' she said. I had no option but to agree. There is no sign of her leaving.

G.W., Essex

I must congratulate you on the most entertaining magazine I have ever read. My husband brought a recent issue home with him - the first time he has bought any men's magazine. At first I was annoyed and accused him of wasting the money. But not so. After looking through it I find it is worth every penny and in future I am going to buy it.

Quest, in particular, is fascinating and really turns me on. In fact I read a page most nights before going to bed. The thought fresh in my mind makes me randier than ever. So please carry on the good work.

J.F.C., Bradford

Your recent reader's letter on sex in trains reminded me of an unusual incident that happened to me only a few weeks ago. I caught my commuter train later than usual and was lucky to find myself alone in a large compartment carriage. As I had several packages with me I laid them on the seat



# LETTERS

continued from page 106

next to the window and sat in the centre of the end bench seat, facing down the carriage. Just before the train was about to leave the door next to me flew open and a tall, very attractive blonde wearing a large fluffy fur coat climbed in and deposited herself on the seat opposite me. Glancing up naturally at such a good-looking girl I was surprised to see her smile at me pleasantly. She made some remark about having just made it and I grinned back and took up my paper again. The train had not left the station more than a few minutes when a movement caught my eye again. The girl had thrown open her fur coat revealing a clinging dress with a deeply plunging neckline where the top buttons had slipped undone. Her figure I could see was fabulous and the dress only emphasised a magnificent cleavage. She grinned again and said wasn't it hot. I looked away again, hot myself, but a few minutes later she drew my eyes back again. Raising her leg she was toying with a twisted anti-hose. Her movement left all of one leg bared and a very obvious flash of dark panties. I glanced up the carriage, convinced everyone must be noticing - my own embarrassment if not her exposure. But the back of her seat hid her completely from view. Looking back I was shocked to see her hand had risen to the top of her leg where she began to massage the front of her panties. She stared straight at me and I went scarlet, my erection now blatantly obvious. Suddenly she leaned forward and whispered, 'Have you ever done it in a train? Surrounded by people.' I could only shake my head, certain everyone else in the carriage - and there were a good many by now - was staring at me in amazement. She whispered again, 'Well, what are you waiting for?' and drew down the front of her panties revealing a thick brush of dark pubic hair. Reaching across I stretched my hand out, lightly touching her. She gave a gasp and a button popped on the front of her dress. Quickly I leapt across and plunged my hand down the front of her panties,

at the same time fondling a half-exposed breast. I had just opened my trousers and was dragging out my dong when she leapt up, pulled the communication cord, screamed blue murder and accused me of rape. All my protestations to the contrary have met with total disbelief. I therefore appeal to you readers of *Mayfair* to listen to my tale of woe before next Tuesday when my case comes up.  
*A.V., Mortlake*

*Don't worry about your case. There are no penalties for having a vivid imagination.*

May I make use of your columns to suggest a possible commercial proposition. It is evident that your magazine

is among, if not leading, the big three of men's magazines. Each of these three has its own quicksilver character, its own ambience, and yet *Mayfair* is out of line with the other two because it is without a distinguishing trademark. Pl—y has its floppy-eared Bunnies and P—e its starched Pets.

Now I suggest that *Mayfair* enters this field. I envisage the *Mayfair* 'Mayd' as having a wider role than mere croupier or cocktail waitress. I visualise, for instance, a 'Mayfair Entertainment Centre' where one could be massaged or manicured by buxom topless girls or be entertained by naked go-go dancers. A 'Mayd' would have to be adept in all these fields, of course. Their

main role, however, would be as waitresses in the cabaret section. In postulating their uniforms my imagination runs wild. The flimsiest backless French parlour maid livery would be splendid or perhaps a stripper's outfit - sheer black stockings and suspenders rounded off with exquisite four inch spiked heels. Unlike the 'untouchable' philosophy of the other clubs, the management would turn a benign eye on a sharp tweak or hearty thwack delivered to the girls' twitching bums as they pass by.

Finally a feature that would probably prove popular would be a system of mild discipline. If a 'Mayd' served a customer with an over-indulgence of  
*turn to page 108*

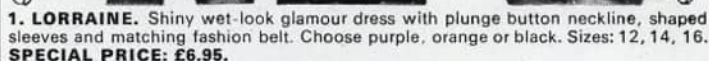
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*continued from page 107*

dudgeon and pertness the client could complain to the manager. The girl in question would be summoned to the office and asked to explain herself. If no explanation was forthcoming the girl would be asked to lower her knickers and bend over the manager's desk. The customer would then be invited to deliver a firm spanking. This would be the perfect final touch to the club.

*H.D., Liverpool*

*And how many girls, do you suppose, would apply for positions at the club? And if they did, how would you get in through the picket lines of Women's Lib.*

Your readers may be curious to know about what goes on in some massage parlours. I'm sure that my experience was not typical but it was certainly memorable.

After seeing some advertisements for body massages I set out to try one out.

After a search I found one. It was a rather small entrance leading to a first floor reception desk. There I paid my £4 fee and took my place in the waiting room. After some 20 minutes a girl entered and asked me to go to 'room 2'.

On entering the room I was a little confused, my heart beating strongly. I undressed and laid on the couch with a towel placed strategically over my middle. After a time a knock at the door announced the arrival of my young masseuse. She began massaging my chest and gradually my towel began to take on the appearance of a tent, complete with centre pole. She moved to my legs and as she rubbed around my pelvis she brushed against my erection, causing me considerable excitement. Then she asked me to turn over. She massaged my shoulders, back and buttocks and then asked me to turn over again. By now I had shed the towel and was standing out stiff and erect in full view of her. Now she led me to the shower and began washing off the oil which she had rubbed in so well.

It was then that I asked, 'Will you bring me off now?' 'No,' she said, 'it's totally against our rules.' But after some persuasion she did compromise. I

laid on the couch again and she poured oil liberally over my pubic area and began fondling my testicles. Her other hand grasped my shaft. I used all the will power I had to resist an early climax but gave in uncontrollably after some ten minutes. She looked disappointed as I became limp and flaccid in her hand but again she took me to the shower and washed me most meticulously. She left the room shortly after while I was drying myself. As she went she said, 'take care to dry between your toes', with a cheeky smile. I left the place feeling rejuvenated but I must admit that I have lost a bit of sleep since over the memory.

*I. Murford, Oldham*

My husband and I were very interested in the recent Quest survey concerning women attracted to husbands' friends as it made us recall an incident in our own lives. We are in our late thirties and I was very friendly with our young neighbour, Janet, a newly-wed. We discussed all sorts of things, including our respective sex-lives. She seemed overawed by the fact that my husband and I indulged in fellatio and cunnilingus – her sex-life, I learned, was entirely conventional. I also learned that her husband was considerably less well-endowed than mine.

Anyway, one afternoon she and I were up in my bedroom looking at some new dresses I had bought and Janet, at my invitation, had tried one on. I was in my bra and panties and I saw out of the window that my husband had arrived home in his car. I called to him to come upstairs. As he entered the bedroom Janet had just taken off the dress so we were both there in our undies. I could see that he was very taken with Janet – she did look very nice, I must admit. I could see immediately an unmistakable bulge in his trousers so I said, 'Darling, why not show Janet what I have to put up with every night?' So saying I led him to the bed and unzipped him. I heard Janet gasp as his penis sprang out in full view. She stood there and blushed crimson. 'Come on then, Janet,' I said. 'you go first.'

My husband needed no more encouragement. He stepped over to her and embraced her.

turn to page 112



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# LETTERS

continued from page 108

I came up behind her and slipped down her little white panties. 'Shall I give her the full treatment?' my husband asked me. 'Yes, go on, please do, I'll watch you,' I replied, getting very breathless by this time.

So he carried the amazed girl to the bed, laid her on her back and mounted her. It is a strange feeling watching your own husband making love to another woman but I was really turned on by it as I watched Janet gradually take his full seven inches into her. In no time she was writhing and bucking in sheer ecstasy as he screwed her long and hard. She let out some whimpering cries as the pounding increased and I knew exactly what she was feeling. My husband really is a bastard when he's enjoying himself and he certainly was with Janet. He was ramming her for all he was worth and calling her names like 'saucy little bitch' and so forth as he did so.

I saw that Janet was now

really enjoying it too and had abandoned herself to his onslaught. I too had never been so excited and quickly took off my undies and joined them on the bed. We then had an absolutely fantastic threesome which lasted for well over an hour.

My husband was terrific. He screwed and screwed. I've never seen him on such form. At the end both Janet and I lay side by side totally exhausted, our legs splayed apart while he stood looking down at us both. Even after all that he was ready for more.

Janet told me later that she had learnt more that afternoon than she thought possible. For some months after that we had some fantastic afternoons. Janet never told her husband about it, as far as I know, but we have moved since so we don't know how her sex-life is now. But in her letters she always asks after my husband and likes me to reassure her that his 'big one' is still working overtime - which it is.

(Name and address withheld)

Having read your very informed and frank magazine

for a number of months I have started to wonder whether the feeling of guilt I have been labouring under for the past few years has in fact been warranted. This is because I have, and always will have, a fetish about hair.

When I was a young lad my father insisted that I have my hair cropped every two weeks. This ordeal went on for years until I was able to leave home in my early teens and was at last rid of this degrading ritual. However, when I was 18 I was called up for National Service only to be confronted by an enthusiastic army barber. It was while I was having my first short-back-and-sides that I learnt of my fetish.

As the barber's sharp clipper's were climbing higher and higher up the back of my head I experienced what is commonly called a 'hard-on': I had actually enjoyed being cropped and throughout my National Service I went regularly to the barbers to have my hair cut extremely close, each time becoming very sexually aroused.

Since those days I have married and my wife has willingly cut

my hair every ten days or so. She has a pair of electric clippers and certainly goes to town on me to such an extent that it undoubtedly turns her on as well. As soon as she is finished we can hardly wait to get into bed. We quite often make love two or three times within two hours. To make things even better my wife has recently taken to cutting my hair clad only in a short see-through nylon overall. There are occasions when we make very passionate love on the lounge carpet half way through the hair cut and again as soon as she is finished the job.

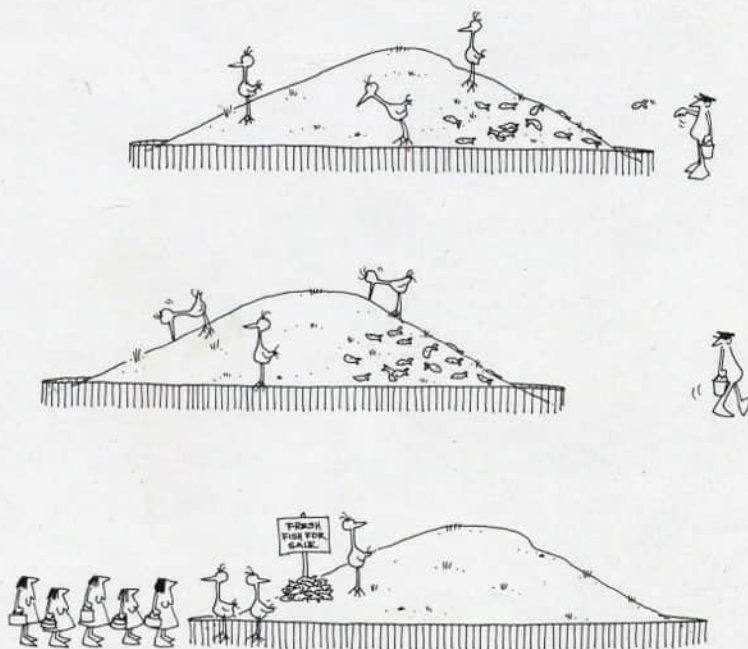
It has been due to reading your marvellous magazine that I have plucked up enough courage to put pen to paper. Is it extremely odd that my wife and I do this?

A.S., Bournemouth

*No, not odd at all. This crops up from time to time.*

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

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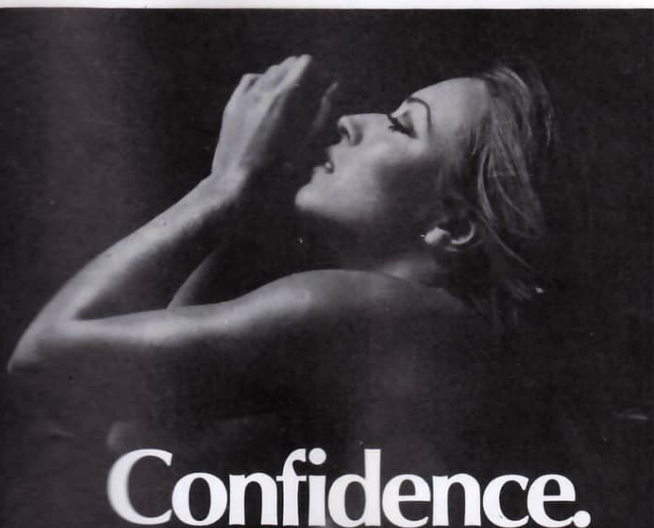
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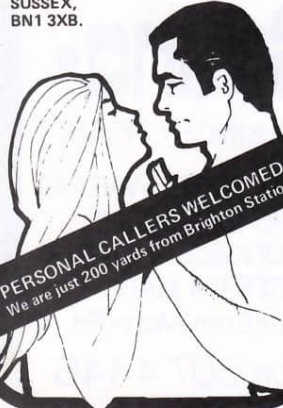
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